THE SECRET OF QUICK HEALING IN NOVEMBER NUMBER. BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

THE NAUTILUS.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Florence Morse Kingsley
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Frederick Rosslyn
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These Are NAUTILUS Contributors for 1905-6 Others Coming !

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THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF JESUS, SALVARONA IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

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A New Remedy For Bank Failures.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

If this picture doesn't look like Frank K. Hipple the forger, bank wrecker and suicide, it is because Hipple died before he had opportunity to fully express the false life he was living. Perhaps, having dropped the mask of his body, his soul goes sneaking on with a face like that; a face in which avarice, cunning, falseness and fear have made their records for him who can to read.

And Hipple was a good Presbyterian, and made men give the Presbyterian pass word before they found desk space in his bank.

Receiver Earle now says a bank should not be permitted to employ people of one denomination only, but should be made to recruit its ranks from all denominations with "a conservative, infidel of business reputation "thrown in, presumably as general watch dog of the treasury.

This is a good idea of Receiver Earle's. Hereafter every sanctimonious banker who hires his own church members in large numbers, ought to be well investigated before he has time to corrupt them and get away with the cash and securities. For it is a known fact that church folk, like secret societies will stand by the members of their own church until the last pail of whitewash has been plastered. Just as a family will shield its black sheep, so will a church family shield its deacons. For the credit of the family, of course. It won't do to have rascals in any church—*it won't do.* If they get in, whitewash 'em with the blood of the lamb. As a man thinketh so is the other fellow—just think your bank president white and other folks will think him so, and the Lord will provide. This is not the fault of Presbyterianism or any other ism. It is just green-human nature.

Of course Hipple was a good fellow. He went to church Sundays, and maybe taught a Bible class, like John D. Jr., right up to the Sunday before last. He *needed* to go to church—that's why he went. The only rest he got from his sins was on Sunday. The only rest he got from the ghastly stare of his strangled

conscience was when he sat alongside other good folks who acknowledged themselves equal with him, vile sinners and worms of the dust, forgiven their wickedness because one man suffered for it all—to appease a frowning Father. By Saturday night Hipple must have been pretty well convinced that he was the meanest wretch on earth. But Sunday morning, and all those other vile sinners, worms of the dust, put him right again—he wasn't the only sinner by a long shot, nor the worst; and anyway Jesus paid it all, all the debt the poor foreordained sinner owes. Beautiful religion, boundless fountain of whitewash.

And then it all came out and—it is foreordained that a man must die sometime anyhow—life is a snarl, an illusion —he wishes he had it to do over again—a prayer for forgiveness, a sure shot, and — —*What next?*

Probably he has it to do over again. Maybe he is already coming back into this world by the same narrow pass we all thread. Perhaps he has learned his lesson, and this time will live a straight life. Maybe he will again be a banker, and perhaps in twenty-five or thirty years from now he will atone for this evil by instigating reforms which will make another such crime impossible. Who knows?

For no man *wants* to be anathema. Every youth means well by the world. Such as Hipple get tangled up in their thoughts and purposes. The game is too exciting—they feel they *have* to cheat to save themselves. And they are lost after all.

Perhaps they get snarled in hereditary beliefs. Hipple's cousin was John Hipple Mitchell, late senator from Oregon who died recently under condemnation for most contemptible land stealings and other dishonesty. He disgraced himself here in the East, under his true name of Hipple, and went to Oregon where he grew more frauds under the name of John H. Mitchell. So they say. So Frank Hipple is black sheep number two in the Hipple family that I've heard of. Maybe there are others caught in the toils of the Hipple heredity. I hope not, and possibly these two black ones will scare all the other Hipples white, as so often happens.

Hipple is reaping his Karma somewhere else, and Karma will have its eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth until Hipple *"breaks off his sins by righteousness."* He will learn in some other state what he didn't know in this one. We can afford to let him work out his problem in peace even if we lost money through him.

Especially since our harsh judgment will scarcely affect him and will *surely* work revenge *in us.* Don't let's conjure up neuralgia, indigestion, rheumatism and blue devils for ourselves because Frank K. Hipple stole our money.

And maybe we'll get most of it back in time. Who can tell? When Stensland stole that Chicago bank's funds other bankers came to the rescue. When Segal has disgorged and the good Presbyterian directors of the R. E. T. Co. have done what they can to make up for their criminal carelessness, the wreck may not be irremediable.

There is a growing tendency among human beings to help poor folks out of the hole; especially when the hole is digged by one of their own profession and acquaintance.

The one thing for us all to do is to unite in making such bank breaking impossible. We can do it if we will. "The people" can do *anything* when they *choose.*

First, elect senators as well as representatives by direct vote of the people, demand security from bank breakings, and forever ostracize and refuse to vote

for the senator or representative who fails to vote for it and work for it.

Second, demand that all bank securities, and all loans on same, be publicly recorded, just as deeds and mortgages are recorded. This will make it impossible for the same securities to be claimed by more than one bank, or for two loans to be made on one block of stock.

Third, DEMAND THAT THE GOVERNMENT OR THE STATE INSURE AGAINST ANY MANNER OF FRAUD, TO ITS FULL VALUE, EVERY DEPOSIT MADE IN EVERY BANK IN THE LAND.

Fourth, demand that any bank inspector in whose district a bank is wrecked, be summarily dismissed and never again permitted to hold public office of any description. This in addition to the ordinary penalties attached to proved malfeasance in office.

Such bank wreckings as those in Philadelphia and Chicago, not to mention the Cassie Chadwick affair and a hundred others, are a deep disgrace to the state *and government* under which they occur. *That means they are a disgrace to every soul in the land.* There is not a poll-taxpayer in the country but ought to be glad to do his share toward insuring against such disgrace. Our national pride ought to be sufficient incentive to compel either government insurance of banks, or government ownership of banks.

But there is a deeper reason for this move. The *nation is one,* a solidarity. We are bound together by invisible nerves and arteries through which circulate our griefs and troubles, as well as our joys; our low purposes and emotions as well as our high ones. *We cannot afford to let a bank cause such wide spread disaster. The evil results come back to every one of us, even though we are not always able to trace them. Not one of us can be so very much better or happier or more advanced than the nation is; so it stands us in hand to see that our brothers are not robbed of their rights and their happiness.*

WE CAN STOP THIS BANK WRECKING. Let's do it. Don't wait for Hipple to grow up again and work out his Karma by doing it for us. There'll be other things he can do to atone for the suffering he has caused us this time.

GOLD

And all the fields were golden,
  And all the woods were gold,
For God had scattered treasures
  From riches manifold.

Have you sought the gold from the roadside?
  Have you sought the gold from the lea?
Then your heart has banked the world-wide
  GOLD—the gold with no usury.

And all the fields were sorry,
  And all the woods were sad,
For God had spent His treasures
  To make His people glad.

But they sought their gold by fighting,
  And they sought their gold by stealth,
And their banks have failed by slighting
  GOLD—the gold that e'er brings wealth.

—MINNIE E. HAYS.

The Psychology of Dreams.

With Original Sketch by the Author.

By Frederick Rosslyn.

What are dreams? It is a question that concerns everyone, for these visions of the night come to all. To wholly escape from the shadowy world created during sleep is impossible; probably few desire to escape. The hideous phantoms that peopled the dream-world of the opium-drugged De Quincey do not trouble the soul of a healthy sleeper. To him come friends who have long been dead; he hears the sound of voices that have been silent for many years. Indeed, in sleep the line of demarkation between life and death seems to be completely erased. Time and space, too, are annihilated; the sudden appearance of Shakespeare in dreamland would excite no astonishment. And if you asked the great Elizabethan poet the meaning of dreams, he would probably reply by a quotation from his own works: "Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried." Or, to paraphrase this: Dreams are but thoughts released from all control.

To dream, then, is to think during sleep. Trains of thought follow one another in quick succession, and in a manner over which the sleeper has no control. But another question follows in natural sequence, namely: What is thought? This is a question which may be answered in various ways, and which has troubled philosophers from the very beginning of recorded time down to the present day. The idealists maintain that thought is an affair of the mind, and is totally independent of the body. They also believe that the body is a temporary habitation for the soul, a casket containing a precious jewel which must be yielded up at death, and that in dreaming the mind is free while its sluggish jailer is asleep. The materialists assert that the mind and body are inseperable and can no more exist without each other than a fire without fuel. To them the mind is merely an affair of blood and nerves, a peculiar organization and development of matter. The development of thought is therefore the development of matter; to think is to exercise certain portions of the body. With this latter opinion, so opposed to Shakespeare's view of thought and dreams, this paper will not deal.

If you accept the idealist's belief that the mind and body are distinct, and can exist apart, you at once have a fairly clear explanation of the origin of dreams. During sleep the body is perfectly at rest, the mind wanders at will, and there remains but a slender connection between the soul and its material abiding-place. And hence has arisen the fancy that the mind does actually leave the body, and witness the events of which we dream. If so, vast distances are traversed in a moment, if indeed space can be spoken of in connection with the disembodied soul. In the middle ages many and ingenious were the attempts to account for illimitable spaces being passed over in so short a time. Some were daring enough to assert that by a single effort of the will they were first at one place, then at another, without having passed through the intervening space. Indeed, this is still an accepted article of faith among the mystics of many Oriental races, and has been imbibed by their European and American adherents. It is the annihilation, either by force of will or through spiritual exaltation of time and space. In dreams the mind of the sleeper does this of its own free will,

leaving the dormant body to rest in peace.

Sir Thomas Brown, author of that fascinating book, the "Religio Medici," not only shared Lord Bacon's belief in astrology but was far less skeptical than the great philosopher in his attitude towards the phenomena of dreams. In the work just alluded to he says: "We are that leaden planet in me. I am in no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams. * * *

KUBLA KHAN'S PALACE.
Vide the Dream Poem by Coleridge.

somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think that I have a piece of Thus it is observed that men sometimes in the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality." In another part of the "Religio Medici" he expresses his

belief in the supernatural with great fervor, and thinks those narrow-minded who refuse to grant that the soul in slumber may hold converse with disembodied beings. "We do surely," he says, "owe the knowledge of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad angels * * * and the ominous prognostics which forerun the ruin of states, princes and private persons are the charitable premonitions of good angels."

Coming down to a period nearer our own times, we find Addison, in his grave and elegant manner, supporting and enforcing many of the opinions of Sir Thomas Brown concerning dreams. He discusses the subject philosophically, and propounds several questions which cannot fail to set his readers reflecting. The cardinal point round which his arguments centre is that the soul is absolutely distinct from the body, and that the latter but clogs and cripples its marvelous activity. In dreams the soul has full play, being as free from the trammels of the body as if it had left it for awhile, and was disporting itself in utter forgetfulness of its fleshy charge. If this be true, what may not a soul develop and achieve when the milestone of the body, with its pains, its ailments, and its imperfections do not require its watchful care!

Authors and poets are often indebted to dreams for their brightest ideas, and the marvelous composition of the poetic fragment known as "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge will occur to every reader. According to the poet's own account, he had fallen asleep in his chair while reading in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" of a palace built by Khan Kubla, and remained asleep about three hours, during which time he "could not have composed less than two or three hundred lines." The images rose up before him as things, and with them the corresponding expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. When he awoke he instantly sat down to commit his composition to paper, but was called away by a person on business; and when he returned to resume the writing of the poem it had utterly vanished from his memory.

A writer of our own day, the late Robert Louis Stevenson, owned several of his plots and situations to the inspiration of a dream. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was the first of Stevensons' novels to excite a widespread interest, though he had previously written many books which appealed to the cultivated reader. He had for a long time been trying to write a story on the dual nature of man, but could not contrive a satisfactory plot for the purpose. Then he dreamed the scene at the window, in which Dr. Jekyll, fearing his immediate transformation into the monster Hyde, talks to his anxious friends in the street below. He also dreamed of the manner in which Hyde, pursued for the crime of murder, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. The wierd story of "Olalla," by the same author, was also the result of a dream. The court, the mother, Olalla, Olalla's chamber, the meeting on the stair, the broken window, the ugly scene of the bite, were all given to Stevenson in bulk and detail while he was in the land of dreams.

To this he added only the characters of Felipe and the priest, the portrait, the external scenery, the moral, and the last pages. In other words, both the plot and the characters of this strange story were the creation of the liberated soul during the slumber of the body.

Of the forewarnings in dreams, attributed by Sir Thomas Brown to good angels, many examples may be given. The case of the gentleman from Cornwall who dreamed eight days before the event that he saw Percival, Chancellor of the

Exchequer, murdered in the lobby of the House of Commons, seems capable only of a supernatural explanation. After the assassination, he distinctly recognized from prints both Bellingham, the assassin, and his victim, neither of whom he had seen previously. It should be remembered in connection with this remarkable case that the gentleman was with difficulty dissuaded by his friends from going to London to warn the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He urged that the dream had occurred three times in the same night, but his friends thinking it a fool's errand, he allowed the matter to drop till the news of the assassination rudely resuscitated it. In this instance the author of the "Religio Medici" would have asserted, the angelic warning had been disregarded.

But it is not always so, as the following truthful story fully proves. It is a tale of our own time, and may be found in "Nature and the Supernatural," by Horace Bushnell, D. D. Dr. Bushnell was sitting by the fire one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor in the Napa valley of California, when there entered a venerable-looking person named Captain Yount. He was an old trapper who had come to California more than forty years before, and who had since acquired a large estate. The captain said that six or seven years previous he had had a dream in which he saw what appeared to him to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly of cold and hunger. The whole scene appeared vividly before him; he noted a huge cliff, the very faces of the sufferers, and their looks of agonizing despair. He awoke, but afterwards fell asleep again, and dreamed precisely the same thing. Being now impressed with the truth of the vision, he told it to an old hunter shortly afterwards, who declared that he knew a spot that exactly answered to the description. This decided the dreamer, and taking a company of men, with mules, blankets, provisions, etc., they hurried to the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles distant, where they found the emigrants in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

Thus it will be seen that dreams may deal with the remote past, with the early years of the sleeper's own life, with the actual present, or with the days to come. Nor does there seem to be any doubt of the independent action of the mind in dreams, and of its often increased powers. Coleridge composed poetry while asleep, and Stevenson's plots and characters frequently came to him in dreams. To each of these gifted men the scenes they witnessed had a real and present existence. The most eminent of living American authors, William Dean Howells, has confessed that his dreams sometimes carry him back to the middle ages, and that at such times he is always in a mediæval dress and a mediæval mood. In unity with the people of his dream he has become so strictly a man of the middle ages that he accepts treachery, violence and bloodshed as a part of everyday existence. The morals of the time in which he lives when awake have no influence over his wandering soul while his body sleeps. Compassion and pity await the dreamer's return to his own time; in the ruthless middle ages moral sensibility would be out of place. There is something very suggestive in this, especially when it is remembered that Howells is one of the most compassionate of men, and is constantly moved to pity by the sight of human suffering. It seems to show, what this paper has attempted to do, that while the body lies dormant in slumber the mind is absolutely free, and wholly independent of time and space.

Did Man Appear Before His Home Was Ready?

By Professor Edgar L. Larkin.

All records of the past, both of Man and his dwelling-place,—the earth, teach that he came too soon. Within historic times, the number of human beings killed by earthquakes and volcanoes is estimated at thirteen million. Hurricanes, cyclones, floods, ocean waves hurling themselves far inland, and lightning, have doubtless destroyed many more than 13,000,000 since history began. And unheard of millions were slain by convulsions of nature before the art of writing was known. Since that inconceivably remote time when the earth assumed the state of a planetary mass, its materials have been subjected during millions of years to the most incredible forces of kneading, mixing, boiling, seething, gaseous explosions, bubbling, electric activities, blinding lightnings and terrific heat. Whirlpools, maelstroms, currents, counterflows, surgings and upheavals raged over the white, hot world for eons of time. The explosions of pent-up gases were of appalling sublimity; immense volumes of heated and high pressure gas burst forth, hurling melted materials hundreds of miles.

These explosions, on more than a million times larger scale, can now be seen on the sun, on any clear day, in the telespectroscope. They rage on the solar disk incessantly; and have been seen to reach heights of 300,000 miles; with widths at bases of from 10,000 to 40,000 miles.

And our earth was once a hot sun in miniature. It lost heat and a thin crust formed, only to be instantly broken into blocks by earthquakes. They joined again, the shell grew thicker, and this caused the earthquake to be more intense, that is, greater force was required to make new rents. The earths' crust quaked incessantly, but when the moon developed, cracking, grinding upheaval, turbulence and unrest greatly increased, caused by tides in the liquid beneath the ever thickening envelope. Higher pressure of confined gases produced greater and more terrific explosions. Eons rolled into duration, into an unknowable past, more heat radiated into frigid space in floods, the shell became thicker and more rigid until in time our world assumed its present shape of an oblate spheroid, with its polar axis 27.332 miles shorter than the equatorial. Convulsions, within and without waned and grew fainter. More heat escaped by convection through the crust and from volcanic vents. Air formed and in the fullness of geologic time, water appeared. This modified the condition of the entire planet. Winds and driven waves as if they knew what to do, at once went to work to grind rocks into powder and deposit the debris as soil on the floors of the small seas, rock-hewn lakes, still bays and lagoons, and in warm rivers.

A Hush and Silence Fell on Earth.

Millions of years were occupied in the work of distribution of the abraded materials everywhere, thick coatings were thrown down as sediment covering naked rocks with soil of great fertility. Plants appeared, and wrought a surface work beyond all computation. The awful roar of thunder almost ceased, storms became gentle indeed in comparison with those that raged before. Hurricanes, cyclones, lightnings and earthquakes were tamed

down. All nature was amazed, wondering what could have happened to the earth, the silence became so noticeable. What had become of the earthquakes? The silence grew more and more intense; waters cooled down, poisonous gases disappeared from the air. Finally, the hush attracted the attention of the mountains. "They looked upon the sea." The very peaks knew that some stupendous event was about to happen. Silence deepened; storms died out and winds subsided into a gentle breeze. Fierce heat had been subdued, heated waters were tepid, and that giant, electricity was tame indeed, able to flow in gentle and soothing currents in warm and life-giving waters. Genial warmth and light came streaming in from the sun, between clouds and through an atmosphere cleared of dense vapors. The stillness increased; the mountain peaks did not turn their eyes from the waters of the earth for an instant. A mighty thing took place. It occurred in the water. It was the consummation of titanic work wrought during a hundred million years. A microscopic bag of organic matter surrounded a drop of water. The completed object was so small that only a microscope could reveal it. The marvelous thing was an amoebaform structure. It was the first animal.

Appearance of Mind in Nature.

But the water in the sack contained an entity far and away beyond all comprehension, utterly unknown and unknowable, that inscrutable and hopelessly insoluble mystery,—MIND. The animal made up its mind to move and moved. It possessed volution and will, two entities whose nature is totally unknown. The animal divided into two; and these again divided into more. The appearance of man on earth was from that instant assured and inevitable. And thus MIND was raised up from matter. Strive to imagine, try to think about the uncounted nonillions of horse-power of energy that lashed, tossed, churned and wrought the materials of the earth for millions upon millions of years, to produce ONE ANIMAL. And then the creature was so small that it could have been covered by the point of a fine needle. More millions of years expired, hoarse bellowings of storms had to be quieted down still more. Waves must be lowered in height, and winds tamed still more. Internal heats must lessen and the surface of the earth grow still cooler. They did, and finally MAN stepped upon the cosmic scene.

But he came before all was ready. The humid earth, the saturated air and thermal waters forced his evolution. The earth opened under his feet. Volcanoes belched forth and he was smothered and killed. Cyclones tore his flesh from the bone, and lightning annihilated him, destroyed his children and crushed his rude homes. Colossal beasts, many of them weighing from ten to forty tons, trampled him into the marshy earth, and his early years were filled with trouble, disease, destruction and violent death. And these still pursue. The most careful scrutiny of Nature reveals the fact that she displays no trace of solicitude for her child MAN. Vesuvius, Pelee, and the earthquake slap without mercy. Nature has no care whether man exists or not. For mathematicians have shown that one hundred million inhabited worlds like the earth could all end at once and not be missed from the mighty universe.

"Man is himself a fate and he can change the destiny of things."

—Edwin Markham.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter XI.

The Atmospheric Currents of Prana.

The Chinese artist Shakaku, living in the fifth century of our era, laid down six canons of art, of which the first and most important principle concerned itself with "The Life-Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of Things." It is the "Life-Movement of the Spirit" that I shall now endeavor to make clear to you, disclosing the subtle bonds of rhythmic influence that connect every human being with the vast spaces of the universe, and open to him its illimitable resources, if he but use them aright.

The broad and general divisions of influence throughout the cosmos are positive and negative, and all life upon the earth reflects these in all of its component parts, whatsoever their diversity and complexity. Every human being is an electric battery with the regulation of "poles" and development of power under his own control. The physical organism is an exquisitely adjusted system of electrical and magnetic activities, every positive having its receptive negative, and every negative its corresponding positive; and the harmonious interaction of these establishes the key-note of the individual rhythm.

But mark this well. The perfect balance of these electrical life-forces can be maintained only through deep rhythmic breathing of the purest air; and I shall harp upon this string till no reader can ever forget it for a moment. Be not content with letting some one else breathe fresh air, laboring under the iniquitous delusion that you are too delicate, "too sensitive to cold," to bear it; but insist upon having it yourself by day and *by night*. Not till you do this can you begin to manifest the real power, mental as well as physical, which is your natural inheritance. The want of fresh air is the father of all colds and most lung troubles, and the increased awakening to this truth is a most hopeful sign of the day.

During the past winter (1905-6), one of the largest hospitals in New York adopted the plan of caring for all pneumonia patients on the roof in the open air, canvas awnings to screen from the wind being the only shelter. *Every patient so treated recovered!*

At the risk of tiresome iteration, I must again state that human beings do not normally breathe through both nostrils at the same time; and the breathing exercises already advised are not an arrogant effort to change the natural order of this life-function, but a scientific attempt to restore it. Nor are they new inventions or devices originating in the Occident. The knowledge of correct, rhythmic breathing and of the exercises in alternate breathing which purify the nerves, restore the disturbed balance of the life-current, and preserve the harmony necessary for health, is the common heritage of the East Indian people. It has come to them through the ages; and the practice of breathing exercises precedes their daily devotions.

The continued flowing of both positive and negative breath-currents simultaneously marks extreme physical disturbance, a nullifying of life force, and the Tantrists believed it an indication of approaching death, showing the breaking up of the physical entity.

An ocean of solar *Prana* surrounds the great orb of day, and it is the particular state of its *Tattvic* matter which

sustains and keeps in its orderly rhythmic movements the whole solar system. As the vibrations of the solar *Prana* approach the earth they are arrested by a broad band of *Akasha* which gives birth to the terrestrial *Vayu*. This forms a blue sphere about the earth limiting its movements. No explanation for this is given, but following the *Tattvic* law the natural inference is that the extent of the earth atmosphere is limited by the conjunction of the solar and terrestrial currents, an *Akasha* always emerging from such chemical affinity, as when two *Tattvas* meet and mingle; and from this *Akasha* is naturally evolved the *Vayu* forming our atmosphere, the color of which makes the cloudless sky blue.

This is all the result of *Tattvic* energy; and we must now grasp the sense of that subtle something which binds the *Tattvas* together and directs their activities, ever carrying them onward and never arrested by them. This is the spiritual essence, sustaining life from moment to moment, always pouring out from the great Central Dynamo under Divine guidance, and borne to us on the solar rays. No *Akasha* nor *Vayu* can arrest it since they are but forms of its ceaseless energy; therefore, these rays, bearing the gift of life to earth organisms, are merely refracted by these media and pass onward to exercise their organizing influence through terrestrial *Prana,* a modification of the solar state.

The positive and negative streams of the life-current as they flow about our terrestrial sphere receive their direction —that is, are controlled in their course— by the aspects which the sun and the earth present to each other. In considering terrestrial life, the first division of these positive and negative influences is that of the seasons, reckoning the six months when the sun is North of the equator as summer, during which the positive solar current flows from the North Pole to the South, and the negative in the opposite direction. When the sun sinks southward below the equator in the early autumn, the negative current sets in from the North Pole, and the positive current flows from the South.

These two great divisions of time, and of influence upon earth life, are called by the Hindus the day and night of the Devas (or "a *Daiva* day and night"). The Tantrists further divide the month into "a *Pitrya* day and night "according to the moon's phases; the light half of the month (moonlight nights) being positive, or day, to the dark half which is its negative or night. Thus, you see, the positive current—upon the physical plane of life, the sun-breath—is always reckoned as the day time of life; and the negative, as the night time. The positive is the period of activity; the negative of receptive brooding and preparation, *by rest,* for further activity.

Of supreme importance, however, to earth life is this: As the earth turns upon her own axis while moving round the great life-orb, other, more dominant and powerful, and more constantly alternating influences than the North and South currents are developed in terrestrial *Prana.* These are the day and night currents controlled by the rising and the setting of the sun.

Solar force is centered in the East, and the lunar, or sun-shadow, in the West; and with the rising of the sun every foot of the earth's surface as it comes under the influence of the solar rays receives the positive life-current which streams westward along these rays. At the same time the lunar, or negative, current flows eastward; and with the setting of the sun the daily direction of these currents is exactly reversed. The sweep of this solar current of *Prana* westward, being much stronger than the Polar currents, deflects the

Northern current in the same direction; and the lunar current has a corresponding effect upon the negative current from the South, carrying it eastward.

This is doubtless the reason that the needle of a compass and a magnet never point exactly to the poles, being deflected east of the North Pole and West of the South.

The quiescent moment at dawn and in the twilight marks the *Sushumna* (Sooshum-nuh), or conjunction of the two currents, when *Akasha* prevails in the *Prana*. It is for this reason that the Hindu so scrupulously takes his breathing exercises and meditates during these two periods, believing the influences of Nature to be especially favorable.

During the day the earth is negative, having yielded her positive radiations to the lunar current—moon-breath—of the brooding night. Dawn thus finds her in the condition to be receptively grateful for the invigorating rays of the positive or solar vibrations. But there are high-tides and low-tides of this influence according to the direction of the solar rays; and every particle of organic life upon the earth's teeming surface is subjected further to the influence of minor currents from the moon as she passes from one constellation to an other in her eccentric orbit.

This varying strength of the solar and lunar currents causes momentary changes in terrestrial *Prana* which are reflected in our bodies. It is an ebb and flow, as it were; a forward and backward movement; and it is this Great Breath of the universe that gives the impulse to organic breathing. With its on-rush we inhale, and the current of *Prana* is sent to the farthest ends of the gross vessels —the nerve and blood channels—of the physique. The succeeding moment imparts the backward impulse and with the receding flow of the vital current, exhalation takes place.

The throbbing of the heart, its expansion—the diastole—and contraction—the systole—correspond with the flow of *Prana*. But the rapidity of these inward and outward—forward and backward—movements of *Prana* varies in different organisms. The influences which establish this individuality, inseparably associated with the correspondencies between the macrocosm and the microcosm, are the subject of the next chapter.

The laws governing the flow of solar *Prana* to the earth and round about it apply equally to all the planets and constellations, but with this difference: the states of *Tattvic* matter about every such center are variously modified and every planet has a dominating *Tattva,* just as *Prithivi* is pre-eminent upon Mother Earth.

It is this radical difference of *Tattvic* activity which makes all conjectures upon the possibilities of life upon the other planets absolutely futile, till minds can grasp the conception of other planes of life—life maintained by subtler vibrations, or, in terms of modern science, different chemical affinities—with totally changed nervous systems.

The need of the hour is to better understand these earth bodies of ours, these vehicles intended to facilitate the soul's activities; to recognize that they are always in the making, and that influences undreamed of by the materialist are ever active in the making. Life is a matter of moment to moment, of unceasing change. Thought is the great dynamic power which, directed by a soul-governed will, determines the nature of the vibrations we draw to us. And the deeper, fuller, and slower we breathe, the more do we facilitate these natural operations, upon the perfection of which depends the physical well-being.

Spend no breath in denying evil, but steadfastly affirm health!

Mrs. Green

ASSISTANCE.

Lean on no mortal, Love and Serve;
(For service is love's complement)
But it was never God's intent
Your spirit from its path should swerve
To gain another's point of view.
As well might Jupiter, or Mars
Go seeking help from other stars,
Instead of sweeping on, as you.
Look to the Great Eternal Cause
And not to any man, for light.
Look in; and learn the wrong and right
From your own soul's unwritten laws.
And when you question, or demur,
Let Love be your Interpreter.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

Scientific Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER I.

THE SOURCE OF WORK-POWER.

It is probable that the late Edward Hooker Dewey, M. D., of Meadville, Pa., widely known as "the no-breakfast doctor," influenced more people in the direction of the simplification of life than any other writer, living or dead. His books, "The New Science of Health," and "The No-Breakfast Plan," have been read by many thousands of people and have indirectly influenced many thousands more; his theories are working a revolution, and yet scarcely one in ten of his followers comprehends the really revolutionary character of his thought, or the tremendous importance of his great physiological discovery.

In brief, as set worth in his last book, that discovery is this: That the strength —the work-power—of the human organism is not drawn from the food consumed, but is renewed in sleep. The storage battery of muscle energy and thought energy is not charged and recharged at the dining table, but in the bedroom. Food is to the human body what the soil is to a plant—merely raw material; tissue elements, to be built into the organism, but not in any sense a source of life.

The interesting points about this theory are:

First, that it is capable of mathematical demonstration, and is therefore true beyond controversy;

Second, that it absolutely overthrows current theories of the source of life and strength, driving the materialistic physiologist from the field by proving that life energy is not the product of functional action, and that most muscle workers would be healthier, stronger and longer lived on one-half, and most brain workers on one-tenth of the quantity of food they now consume. It gives good ground also for the argument that mind is not produced by the body, but that mind produces the body; that the brain does not produce thought, but that thought produces the brain; that there is no chemistry by which a piece of bread can become mind or thought;

Third, it proves that most of the conclusions of the pseudo-science of medicine have been based on false premises, and are erroneous; and that most of the sick are greatly hindered in recovery by feeding, dosing and other interference.

It gives us, also, a solid foundation upon which we may base a really scientific investigation of the problems of the origin of life, and of the immortality of the soul; but that is beyond the scope of this article.

Let us now "make good" on our first proposition: That we do not get our strength from food. The brain is a storage battery of vital energy, which is charged in some unknown manner, and from some unknown source, during sleep. The stomach is a machine which is run by brain power, and the digestion of food is a tax on strength, and not a source of strength.

Now, as to the mathematics. A laborer will consume a beef steak and a couple of potatoes, and will shovel twenty tons of earth to a height of five feet; was there sufficient potential energy in the food to perform the work? A Japanese soldier, carrying a heavy load, can march and fight all day and only consume a handful of rice; and he can do this for an indefinite period without loss

of weight or strength. Can any one seriously claim that the enormous amount of energy he displays was potentially in the few ounces of rice consumed per diem? No machine which science has been able to devise can extract one five-hundredth part as much energy from a pound of beef as the human body must draw from it if the old physiology is true; but it is not true. It is mathematically impossible. A man will eat a few slices of pork, and will "run down," catch and overpower two or three full-grown hogs, by the sheer excess of his physical power over theirs. Is the potential energy of a pound of dead pork greater than the kinetic energy of three *live* 300 pound hogs?

Consider, next, the numerous cases of protracted fasts which have been recorded since Dr. Dewey's books were published. Leonard Thress, of Philadelphia, fifty-six days, and Miss Estella Kuenzel, forty-two days, *with a steady gain in strength from the first day,* are among the cases recorded by the doctor himself; and some hundreds of others, perfectly authenticated, prove that a person can go from twenty to sixty days without food and can often do so without appreciable loss of strength. I believe it is the accepted *dictum* of the old physiology that a man will starve to death in ten days. This has been proved to be a mistake, and it is evident that most of the people who have perished of hunger in that limited time died because they thought they *had* to, and that, properly educated, they might have lived from twenty to sixty days longer. In death by starvation the brain and nervous system, which are the power plant, lose no weight; the other tissues disappear until the skeleton condition is reached, and death comes because the brain can get no more raw material with which to repair the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, etc. The organism grows weak and perishes from lack of raw material to replace the daily waste of its vital parts; it dies when the viscera are so attenuated as to be unable to perform their functions, but it dies not for lack of vital energy, but because the vital energy has no material to use in keeping up the organism. Set a plant in gravel, and it will die—not for lack of energy, but for lack of material.

Consider for a moment this claim that the body works with energy generated by its own digestive system. The digestion of food is certainly work, and it certainly takes power; those who remember the feeling of lethargy after a too-hearty meal will not be disposed to deny that a very considerable amount of energy is required to operate the stomach. The old physiology claims that the heart, brain, liver, kidneys, etc., are machines which are operated by power which is ultimately traced to the action of the stomach; and that the stomach, in turn, is operated by power which is generated by the action of the heart, brain, liver, kidneys, etc. Here is a mechanical impossibility—the stomach generating power to operate the other machines and being in turn operated by power supplied by the other machines. That the body should perform its great amount of external work by means of energy generated by its own *internal* work is impossible; the claim that it does so is an absurdity. The functional actions of the viscera do not generate energy; they absorb energy. It uses up power to spade up the earth in the garden; and the heart and stomach cannot generate power to operate themselves, with a sufficient surplus to spade up the garden also. It is, I repeat, an absurd denial of all known chemical and mechanical principles to assert that the body works by means of energy generated by its own functional action. As

well claim that a man can lift himself by his boot straps.

Power is stored in the brain during sleep, and is probably transmitted to the muscles and organs over the nerves in a manner similar to the transmission of electrical energy over a trolley wire; and there is no evidence that this power comes from our food at all. Food does not "strengthen" us; there is no such thing as a "strengthening" food. We need food to furnish the tissue elements, not to supply power; and every mouthful we eat in excess of the actual need weakens us and tends to shorten our lives. Most people expend more than half of their total life-force in the disposition of unnecessary food; if we only ate from one-tenth to one-half of what we now consume most of us would die of old age, and the average of life in the next generation would probably be beyond the century mark. This shocks you, doesn't it? Well, it is hard, scientific fact; I am just trying to write it in plain, common sense words.

But, you say, do not we *feel* more strength after eating?

Yes, but not after digesting our food. If strength comes from the assimilation of food it can only be after the food is completely digested; a partially digested mass in the stomach certainly cannot yield any work-power. Now it takes some hours, at least, to complete the process of assimilation; but the accession of strength is always felt *immediately* after swallowing the food. You are tired and weak; you swallow a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, and you rise and go to work refreshed; it has "strengthened" you, you say. But it has not; if you will pause to think you will see that your fresh strength cannot have come from the food, which has not had time to be changed at all; it is coffee and toast in your stomach, and will be, for some time; how can it strengthen you before it is digested? And three or four hours hence, when it *is* digested, you will be as weak as ever. If we get our energy from food, is it before or after we digest it?

You are stronger right after your noon-day meal, but at five p. m., when the food is digested, you are all tired out; and with all your eating you suffer a steady decline in power from the time you emerge from unconsciousness in the morning until you return to it at night. The accession of strength you felt after taking the coffee and toast did not come from the food; it was from the rally nature made, summoning her power to the task of disposing of the food. She drew on the brain for an extra supply of its stored-up energy to perform the work of digestion, and as this power was turned on you felt it throughout the body; but the power came from the brain, and not from the stomach.

We do not live by bread alone; we do not really live by bread at all. Beef steak and potatoes are not the raw materials from which life and mind are made. The old physiology is controverted by the law of the conservation of energy.

So much for our first proposition; now for the second:

(Continued.)

When you play tag with Fame you must turn your back before She will come and call "You're it!"

—Purinton.

Mrs. Owens

A Meditation For Success.

"He that seeketh findeth; he that asketh receiveth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

I now seek wisdom; understanding; the keen, critical, discriminating eye of the mind, which will enable me to see truth and beauty unerringly.

I seek Love, Health, Joy. I seek to express these qualities in every thought and action.

I ask for what I need now—to-day. I am neither afraid nor ashamed to lay my needs before my Father. I believe that He delights to give me what I need. I believe that He will give me bread, not a stone, and this whenever I need bread.

I knock upon the door of success. I knock loudly, insistently. I cry aloud I am Success! Let me in! I am Life, Wisdom, Understanding, Truth, Beauty, Love! I know these things from the Everlasting! I speak the truth of things. I pierce to the soul beneath the body of things, I seize upon the fleeting and evanescent beauty of life. I hold it up where all may see. I do this NOW—TO-DAY. I succeed NOW—TO-DAY.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

ADELE

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story By Eleanor Kirk.

PREFACE.

The wide-spread belief that boys are naturally endowed with more mathematical ability than girls has been a sorrowful stumbling-block to many honest students.

To protest in the name of Truth against this fallacy, as well as to show the helpfulness of prayer, even though the prayer is not answered according to the letter of the appeal, is the object of this endeavor.

So, to the girls all over the world who think because they are not boys, or for any other reason, that they cannot do their sums, this little book is lovingly and hopefully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST RESORT.

Adele felt herself the most abused girl in the world. Even her brother whose comrade she was and who must have seen that she had been crying passed her with an indifferent "Oh, brace up, Dellie. What's the use of flunking?"

And he could have helped her—that boy who pretended to love her—and now her tears fell afresh. Then she wondered why it was that boys could always do their sums and without study as far as she could see. A little smile crept about her mouth as she recalled that there were some things that girls could do better than boys. Why, she could outspell Tom any time, and as for grammar—well, most of the boys in her class were stupid. But failure in these branches did not count. Everything seemed to hinge upon arithmetic. One might be perfect in other studies but a failure in arithmetic brought down the whole grade and Adele declared it was not only not fair but absolutely wicked. She never failed in anything but arithmetic—horrid old arithmetic and algebra. Tom could have done these sums for her—she had helped him a hundred times in his grammar—but now he had deserted her. Her father had lost patience with her long ago. He was now in the library reading. Would she dare make one more appeal? Somebody must help her or all hope of promotion would be gone. Oh! these awful tests, these heart-breaking examinations.

It was a pathetic little figure that presented itself at the table where sat the man of the house and the man of affairs, to whom a child's tangle in numbers was both an annoyance and a mystery.

"Arithmetic again?" said he.

"Yes, papa. There are four very hard problems here and if I haven't them done all right for tomorrow I expect it will count against me awfully."

"Well, why don't you do them?" the gentleman inquired.

"Because I can't."

"What do you want me to do for you?"

"I want you to help me."

"But I have tried to help you before and what good has it done?"

"Oh, papa, I know I am very stupid in arithmetic, and that you are ashamed of me and my teacher is ashamed of me, and I am ashamed of myself—but if you will just please help me this time——"

"Look here, Adele," the gentleman interrupted. "Crying never accomplished anything yet and one person can not do the work of another. These sums are perfectly simple and you must work them out yourself."

"But tomorrow, papa," sobbed Adele, "Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do?"

"You should have thought of tomorrow a good many weeks ago," was the uncompromising but kindly uttered response. "A girl who can do so excellently in all her other studies can not be excused for lowering her standard in mathematics."

With this papa rose and walked into the other room and Adele took her arithmetic, pad, pencil and sobs up-stairs. She now knew that she was entirely friendless. When a girl's own father turned his back upon her what could a girl expect?

Adele realized that it was of no use to go to her mother. What she wanted was practical help, not sympathy or petting. It was one of her mother's boasts that she never could understand mathematics but that she managed successfully to dodge this part of the school curriculum and emerge with a very good record.

Adele had never been comforted or up-lifted by these stories of her mother's college life. There was a false note somewhere and tonight of all nights she could not listen to it. But what should she do? A bright thought seemed to light up the darkness of her spirit. She would ask God for help. She would tell God all about her trouble and entreat him to come to the rescue. So after carefully locking her door, she dropped upon her knees and this was the purport of her petition:

"Oh! Lord, I am very dull in arithmetic. I want to be very bright and I want to be promoted. If I cannot pass my examination I shall have to stay in this class another year. If I do everybody will laugh at me. I am all right in all my other studies, Oh! Lord, and I never got a bad mark for deportment, —well—only once, and that was when a girl stuck a pin into me and I jumped,— of course, that wasn't fair. Do please help me, dear Father. You see, you are the only one left to help me. My mother would if she could, but my father doesn't think it right to do anything more for me. If I ever have children I will help them. I thought that's what fathers and mothers were for. You see, Oh! Lord, how hard I have cried and what a headache I have got, and you will help me, will you not? Please see to it that I am not stupid in the morning about my arithmetic and that I am never dull any more. Please excuse my not knowing how to pray as the ministers do. You see, I am only twelve years old and maybe I shall learn. Truly, dear Father, I want to do right and please forgive me for what I said about dear papa and mamma. I guess I didn't mean it, and please, Oh! please, don't forget to show me about my sums and to make me bright in arithmetic forever and ever. Amen."

Adele had listened to long and very tedious pulpit prayers and was under the impression that the one which did not tell God a good deal about himself would be a failure, but she was not equal to these pulpit feats of eloquence and

could only apologize for her inability.

Afterward as Adele prepared for bed she wondered why she did not feel more elated, more sure that her prayer was answered. Instead of relief she felt a decided dissatisfaction. Perhaps she had not prayed aright. Perhaps God was too busy to attend to such small cases as hers. Perhaps she had been too familiar. Once she went over to the table and took up the hated arithmetic with the intention of seeing how the prayer had worked, but she put it down, saying to herself as she turned out the light, "Dear me! I don't feel as if I knew a bit more than I did before."

(*To be Continued.*)

The most successful men, instead of being men of unusual ability are just ordinary ones with unusually intense sincerity and tenacity of purpose.—Frank Belmont Odell.

Seas with Shores and Shoreless.

A LETTER FROM OUR MOUNTAIN TOP PROFESSOR, VACATIONING AT LAGUNA BEACH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

EDGAR L. LARKIN.

"Break, break, at the foot of thy crags,
Oh! sea!"—*Tennyson.*

Here is love, kindly greetings and good will to all who have to do with "getting up" or "out" *The Nautilus.* I wish I could see them all and have them here today. I am writing this close to the water of the Pacific Ocean in a beautiful, but wild little secluded summer resort, Laguna, a few miles north of San Diego, so this article for the *Nautilus* comes as a voice from the extreme southwest, up to dear old Holyoke, three thousand miles away. This is an exquisite beach, and a few "kindred" spirits only, have found it. Just below my window is an opening worn by pounding waves in colossal rocks, wide next the sea and narrow inshore. The great breakers, or rollers, higher just now than usual, are beating in there with thunderings and loud roarings. The paper upon which I am writing this for the "*Nautilus folk,*" is damp with fine vapor from the mighty Pacific, but will be dry enough while passing through the terrific desert on its way East.

I live every moment in Nature's splendid wonderland. A home on a mountain peak! And then only a few miles to the sea, always in view. To come down from Echo Mountain to the sea, is to wind through square miles of orange, lemon, almond, fig, prune, plum, apricot, pear, peach, nectarine, olive, cypress, tangerine, pepper, date palm, fanpalm and the wonderous eucalyptus trees. And great groves of deep green, English walnut trees, with limbs bending low with nuts. The eucalyptus, a tall, slender and graceful tree always waves love signals to the sun. It is a sun-tree and the seeds were brought from Australia. There! two big waves met and crowded into the cave with a louder roar than is wont.

And now the sea—I stopped writing to look upon the vast expanse—the nearby rolling waves, and beyond, into that infinity where sky and water meet. Now call the sea a science, and let it represent each set and established science in turn until all are thus expressed. A striking difference at once appears. The

Pacific Ocean has shores, but every science is shoreless. Each branches out ever and ever and expands far and away in every direction, even to the very depths and solitudes of the Infinite. Sail as far as you will and you cannot find trace of shore line. But every science woos, tempts and ever invites us on, forever on. It seems as though she tries to deceive us with hope of reaching land, and lures the student along.

But Nature does not seek to lead us where we cannot go. She knows and tells over and over again that our minds are capable of Infinite Expansion. I have held many conversations with people on this subject. Many are surprised to hear such a strange statement, and say, "Surely you do not mean to say that our weak little minds here on a world so small that one hundred million could come to an end and not be missed —can keep on expanding even to the Infinite, do you? Positively, I am so astonished with the intricacy and magnitude of new discoveries in the physical sciences that I do not know what to say. The science of numbers has become so immense that it does seem to be beyond human power. Measuring the velocity of the stars in the line of sight, is an achievement so wonderful that when trying to think about it, the mind becomes impressed with the majesty of mind.

Look at the rocks just there. They have been there hundreds of millions of years, nearby water and wind to the present retreating line, slow indeed, as the beetling cliffs are hard and obdurate. You might as well not try to begin to think about how old the earth is. Modern geology has extended its antiquity so far back into the remote past, that the first geologists would stand in mute astonishment. From the kinetic theory of matter, it can be computed how much heat can be radiated from the sun in contracting from thin gas to rigid solid. Many have tried their hands at this job, and the "life of the sun" comes out from twenty to twenty-two million years. But it actually has been sending out energy at its present rate for at least one billion years, or close to its present rate. There is, therefore, something about the sun besides the well-known kinetic energy law, and laws of thermodynamics. For delicate leaves have been found in solid rock layers that could not have been deposited less than one thousand million years ago. These plants grow now on the hottest part of the earth.

And myriads of insects, whose remains are now in solid stone, had eyes that were adapted to an intensity of solar light the same as at present. The air was of nearly the same density when these insects and also fossil birds lived, this billion years ago, as it is now, for all their wings were fashioned to sustain their weights in air of its present density. Thus the wings of a bird or insect, their eyes, as well as the eyes of fishes and feet of animals, are able to teach us many things about the primeval earth. See the patch of low moss on the beaten walls. The waves wear away the rock under the plants but not the moss. The vegetation contains life, a mystery not yet solved.

Down on the sand are strange sea creatures, living shells, insects and other low types. The entire scientific mind of man cannot tell what consciousness is, nor animal life. And the wisest man on earth has found out that he cannot even commence thinking about what his own mind is. Rapid changes are on now. Thus scarcely anybody believes the once famous Nebular Hypothesis of La Place.

A woman told me that the heat of the sun is due to radium. A man sent me a book saying that no heat or light is sent out from the sun to the earth, but energy which is transformed into heat and

light when it encounters the atmosphere of the earth. And that the earth returns the same quantity to the sun, that there is a circulation throughout the entire sidereal universe; that it is alive; has a pulse and is eternal. According to this, the earth is eternal. At all events, we know almost to a certainty that it has been revolving around the sun at least a billion years. Somebody sends me a new book nearly every day, and you would be amazed to see that everything whatever is now being attacked except mathematics. They give that a wide berth.

However, a letter came one day from a young man asking me to explain why 1 less 1 equals 0; 1 divided by 1 equals 1; 1 plus 1 equals 2; 1 multiplied by 1 equals 1; 1 multiplied by 0 equals 0, and he went on dreadfully about how anybody could make a 1 vanish. And then 1 divided by 0 equals infinity. And now I am getting tangled up.

Really, I do not know how many faculties or attributes there are in the human mind. I have seen many schemes of the mind in different works on mentalism and no two agree. Now here is a grand opening: I am acquainted with a number of persons who believe that the entire structure of nature has a mental base. The ancient Aryans believed that, but would it not be well to appoint a committee of mentalists for the purpose of finding how many attributes of the human mind and Nature's mind are identical. I tried this scheme just a little. I watched the mind of nature as expressed in objects round about and noticed the minds of the people. To my utter astonishment I found the most striking differences. Thus I cannot see a trace of purpose, love, pity, mercy, compassion, good, evil, forethought, justice, injustice or conscience in the mind of Nature; but these are all well known attributes of the human. For earthquakes, volcanoes and floods destroy without one trace of pity.

Down by the sea, on Sunday, August 26, 1906.

"Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff."—Emerson.

The Noblest Art.

HARRY GAZE.

The noblest of all arts is self-building. Nothing is more worthy of earnest effort. Man is constantly building and rebuilding his life. This wonderful process is almost entirely automatic. There is almost an entire absence of conscious design and purpose. The human body is a wonderful temple, and the component particles of its structure are persistently changing. In the absence of some conscious and purposeful change in a superior direction, this rebuilding is the mere repetition of a race tendency. In the fulfilment of the race tendency, there is occasional disease, and eventually old age and death.

The supreme need is individual initiative. Deliberately plan to build a superior physical body, as well as a more perfect mentality. The builder of a new house would be foolish to use the unsuitable plan of an old building. Man, the body-builder, should be wise enough to modify his subconscious plan by constructive ideals. Nature abhors monotony and seeks to express infinite variety. Eventually, man's life forces tire of rebuilding without new ideals. Under such a condition, the comparative inertia is manifested in age and weakness.

True living is a constant effort toward increased health, power and beauty. In no case can present power and beauty be permanently retained. The only alter-

native to decline is persistent progress. One cannot retain his present youth, but he can create new youth. Make no effort to return to nature, but go forward with nature. In the same way, do not try to regain the youth that is faded, but seek to gain a youth that is newer and better.

It is not possible to remain always as one is now. It is impossible simply because it is undesirable. It is quite possible, however, to gain more of life, and even of loveliness, with the advancing years.

Conscious unfoldment makes life a beautiful art. Unfolding life is an irresistible power, before which all inert elements must give way. Unfoldment is another word for youth, and a more significant one. Perpetual youth will be the expression of constant unfoldment.

A man of fifty should be better equipped to live and to express power and joy than a man of twenty-five, as we ordinarily measure the years. Equally so, a man of one hundred or more should express superior powers of both mind and body than a man of lesser years. A man grows stronger with the advance of time if he uses the years, and weaker if he allows the years to use him. It cannot be too often repeated that man does not *grow* old, but gets old by *not growing.*

If the body were a mere machine, as sometimes asserted, non-use would preserve it, and exercise weaken and wear it out. The fact that inertia lessens its power, while wise use strengthens it, demonstrates man's marvelous capacity for renewal from within.

Man is fully equipped for continuous renewal, but does not take intelligent advantage of his opportunity. The average man scorns to be thought a health or beauty culturist, ignorantly supposing it unmanly, while the average woman desires it in such an unreasonable hurry that she prefers to imitate it rather than to *grow* it.

What a lovely complexion a wild rose has! Such beauty is grown, not painted. What marvelous strength an unfolding tree possesses! Sometimes it will split a huge rock by its growth. Strength like that is always grown. No pills or pick-me-ups will accomplish it.

Man is a sculptor in flesh and blood, and should seek to embody the highest possible ideal. Truly, this is the greatest art. We admire the artist who transforms the bare canvas to an image of exquisite beauty. Our praise goes out to the sculptor who makes the cold marble seem to throb with the form and beauty of life. We enjoy the work of the poet who depicts in rhythmic song the charm of nature, and the story of life and love. Now let us take up the work of life-building, and embody the ideal in human form. This is the divine art.

The body is not a fixed, unyielding form. It is not the cage or prison of the spirit as many people imagine. Think how much can be accomplished with a plastic body and a purposeful mind. The body of next year is yet unborn. How are you concerning it? Is the plan that has been conceived for its building one that includes strength, health, grace, elasticity, purity and responsiveness to thought? Such an important work as this must not be left to blind chance. Determine decisively what you desire to be, and work earnestly in that direction. A magnificent opportunity is presented. The pictures that man displays upon the screen of life are very imperfect images of the power and beauty latent within man.

Man must not be satisfied with the mere contemplation of the ideal. Practical methods must be studied and practiced for its embodiment. To become a successful musician, one must rationally

combine theory and practice. Not only that, but it takes very faithful and systematic practice to handle any musical instrument effectively. So to make life a harmony and a power, diligent practice of constructive methods is quite essential.

Let us take, for instance, the ideal of health and beauty. This means wholesale and artistic body-building. One must, therefore, choose an abundance of the proper material elements, just as a builder of houses must choose good building material. There must be plenty of pure food and water. There must be an abundance of pure air and sunlight. Thousands of people die every month because they do not appropriate sufficient of the elements that literally abound in the world. Even country people often starve for sunlight, because they do not give the sun an opportunity to illuminate the internal organs of the body. Even where pure air is unlimited, improper breathing often prevents its appropriation.

To become a successful life-builder there must be an abundant supply of the natural elements, and then through intelligent concentration upon the ideal, expressed in hearty action, the raw material will be fashioned as desired. In other words, man is architect and builder combined, and no part of the work must be neglected. This will take both thought and time, but one will be rewarded by the joy of unfoldment, and the expression of ever-increasing power and beauty.

The Law and the Lover.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

This was the morning I had been lectured. The addresses were eloquent and meant entirely for my good. But it was like pounding on a door, vibrant, noisy and all of it outside. I wished they would stop knocking and go away. It was my business, I was told to be bright, alert and active. I should take a long walk and say at every step, "I am well. I am strong. I am happy." I should then come back fresh and full of interest in my little apartment. They talked as if they knew it all and the only thing I knew was that I wanted to be still and to know some things that I could not so well understand in the noise. There seemed to be something very sinful in this desire, judging from the texts of Scripture that were hurled at me, and as I loosened my kimono a bit at the neck, I wondered what it was.

I had had troubles of my own, all of which were not known to my mistaken comforters. I suppose it was good of them to want to help me—and they were so well-groomed and looked so *chic* as they reeled off the advice, that it seemed as if they must have just come from behind the scenes where all the knobs and screws of life are adjusted. But none of this machinery connected with my gear. I hoped they would hitch on to somebody else for I knew they all believed in their mission. I smiled as I thought what an awful hard time Job had standing up for God, and while, perhaps, I was not exactly doing that, I was at least defending some part of myself that was related to God. To feel as if your conscience ought to just scarify you and not have it smart even a little bit, was a curious condition. That was mine.

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said, 'Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?' "

This was a sharp rap at Eliphaz, Bil-

dad and Zophar. It was apparently as easy to talk in Job's day as it is now. Job's friends were really desirous of helping him, but lack of knowledge has always darkened and always will darken counsel.

Just imagine! I was sure that my friends lacked knowledge and they considered me next door to a fool. So it goes all over the world.

That was an exceedingly pretty gray suit worn by my feminine Temanite and that new fangled grey and black ruff was unspeakable! I would have one as soon as I felt like going out.

Mrs. Zophar had told me that I must concentrate all my energies in overcoming my unrighteous apathy. Yes, that is what she called it, but I did'nt care. I might some time, but not today.

Still, I had my wants. I wanted the loving word, the helpful ministration, something cozy and human and Christ-like—something *mothering*. I wonder if there was ever a soul on this planet, who did not at some time or other hanker for just this. My companions said I should never develop until I was entirely sufficient unto myself.

As I was wishing with all my heart, the door-bell rang and my little colored laundress came in, smiling like an angel and glowing like a thousand diamonds with the warmth and good cheer of the day.

"Wall, Miss Hester, how is you this fine morning?" she inquired as she put down her basket and drew nearer.

"They tell me I'm lazy, Caroline," I answered, feeling sure of a friend in my extremity.

"Whoever tells you that, honey, will be sorry in the ages to come," was the prophetic response, "for you ain't got a lazy hair in your head. Forget it—them things ain't worth remembering. Lie down and make yourself comfortable."

"But I can't unless you'll stay, Caroline," I replied.

"Shu, I'll stay, and fix you all up and cook you suffing good to eat," the dear girl assured me, "and by five o'clock, if anybody drops in for a cup of tea, you'll be as fresh as a daisy. I tell you, Miss Hester, you needs a good rest. Lazy? I'd like to have somebody tell *me* you was lazy!"

"Oh! how delightful! I suspected that Caroline suspected my visitors and the Balm of Gilead wasn't in it.

Wicked ? May be, but why is it necessary for folks to spend their time going through the world giving unasked advice?"

Well, I had a nap, a lunch fit for the Olympian ladies and their beaux, and an apartment that was an inspiration to dress oneself in, and five o'clock found me as Caroline had predicted—as "fresh as a daisy."

Now, Caroline gave me true love and its evidences—the practical stuff which was sorely needed on this occasion.

Caroline healed me and she knew no more about metaphysics than kitty knows of its grandfathers. The others did. They left me the law,—at least that is what they called it—and Caroline gave me love. She was the angel who picked me up in her arms, "lest I should dash my foot against a stone." That she was black didn't make a bit of difference to her angelhood. It seems to me there are really times and seasons for preaching, but all times and seasons are for loving.

Bless that Caroline!

'Tis not by gold success is wrought—
By courage, work and righteous thought.

—*Homer Darling Trask.*

Cosmic Consciousness and the New Thought Movement.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

When a baby is born into the world it is endowed shortly after birth with what we call simple consciousness.

It possesses the primal and animal desires for food and sleep, it sees and recognizes objects outside itself, but it is not *self*-conscious, the reflective power is not yet present.

The second degree of consciousness, known as self-conscious-ness and which distinguishes man from the animals, makes its appearance in the child at the average age of three years.

Both these degrees of conscious-ness are common to all normal human beings.

Psychologists teach us that the development of these two degrees of consciousness have resulted only from ages of evolutionary development and some of these wise men now tell us that the race is developing a third and still higher degree of consciousness, termed Cosmic Consciousness.

This state is as far above self-consciousness, the ordinary human consciousness, as that is above simple consciousness, the consciousness of animals and babies.

"Cosmic Consciousness is, as its name implies, a consciousness of the cosmos, that is, of the life and order of the universe," said Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, the chief authority upon this subject. With the birth of this consciousness comes an illumination of the intellect and spirit and sense of immortality, an absolute consciousness of eternal life.

It was Dr. Bucke's belief that Cosmic Consciousness first had its birth in the race in pronounced degree, in the person of Buddha, that since the death of Buddha it has made its appearance in a constantly increasing number of individuals during each age, and that it is destined, ultimately, to become universal. Not only will more people become possessed of the faculty, but it will be more perfect, more pronounced.

Whenever this Cosmic Sense is developed in a man, it makes its appearance between the thirty-first and thirty-fifth years of age.

Walt Whitman was pronounced by Bucke to be the best, most perfect example of the Cosmic Sense the world has so far had.

* * * * * *

The writer believes that the New Thought movement is the first sure indication of the coming forth of the Cosmic Sense, in some degree, among a large number of people. The time seems to have arrived for the flowering forth of this Cosmic Consciousness, and if the belief of the writer be true, the New Thought so far from being a fad of the moment, or a newly invented system for the transient entertainment of a weary people, is really an outgrowth of the religious and philosophical systems of the world, and truly the product, the flower, of ages of evolutionary development. It represents a distinct step in the unfoldment of mankind.

The New Thought movement, if it really indicates the birth of the Cosmic Sense in a large number of people, may well be that to which the new testament writers referred as the second coming of Christ. Some who have experienced the birth of Cosmic Consciousness, refer to it as the Christ Consciousness—the real saviour of mankind.

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I do not know when Dr. Bucke died, but I doubt if he knew very much about what we call the New Thought. As an indication that this movement is really a result of the Cosmic Sense becoming developed in many people, I, therefore, quote from his statement of the truths which the birth of the Cosmic Consciousness revealed to him. The italics are my own.

First, he says that he *"came to see and know that the cosmos is not dead matter but a living Presence."*

Second, "that the soul of man is immortal, that the universe is so built and ordered that without any peradventure *all things work together for the good of each and all."*

Third, "that the foundation principle of the world is what we call love, and that the happiness of everyone is in the long run absolutely certain."

Speaking in general terms of the birth of the Cosmic Sense, Dr. Bucke says: *"It will not teach a future immortality nor future glories, for immortality and all glory will exist in the here and now.* The evidence of immortality will live in every heart as sight in every eye. Doubt of God and of eternal life will be as impossible as is now doubt of existence."

Are not these statements in perfect harmony with the New Thought philosophy?

If we consider the specific and personal experiences which, according to Dr. Bucke, attend the full realization of the Cosmic Sense, it is probable that we shall find very few, or none, among the New Thought people who have actually undergone them. But when we compare Dr. Bucke's own statements regarding the truths revealed to those who *have* developed the Cosmic Sense, with the spirit of the New Thought teachings, we are sure to discover a strong relationship between the two. And I believe we are justified in saying of many of the New Thought people that they live close to that borderland beyond which is only a step to the light of the Cosmic Day—so close that they often catch gleams of its foreshadowing splendor and are able to interpret somewhat of its real significance.

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It is very interesting to note that one of Dr. Bucke's chief claims for Cosmic Consciousness is that it reveals the underlying *unity* of all life. He says that the teachings of all great religious leaders, properly understood and interpreted and cleared from the rubbish of mistaken records and translations, would be found identical and in perfect harmony. Paul, Mohammed, Dante, Jesus, Buddha, Walt Whitman, all delivered messages in perfect unity with each other, although seemingly often divergent.

And this very idea of *Unity* is also one of the foundation teachings of New Thought.

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Even the work done by the best mental and spiritual healers may be considered a faint foreshadowing of the birth of the Cosmic Sense.

In speaking of Whitman, Dr. Bucke says: "When he gives he gives himself. The ordinary self-conscious mind cannot clearly realize the faculty alluded to in these words: *Perhaps the best that can be done is to consider it analogous to an influx of vitality, admitted into humanity through certain men permeating and vivifying each and all who permit it to pass into them."*

* * * * * *

Many New Thought writers, as well as Hindu Mystics, have written that the way to peace and happiness is by *letting go.*

Here are a few extracts from the recorded experience of one who realized Cosmic Consciousness:

"At last, subdued, with a curious

growing strength in my weakness, *I let go of myself.* In a short time, to my surprise, I began to feel a sense of physical comfort, or rest, as if some strain or tension was removed. Never before had I experienced such a feeling of perfect health." And she became conscious that there is "Only one in all the infinite universe, the All-loving, the Perfect One, the Perfect Wisdom, truth, love and purity. * * * It's glow, warmth and tenderness filling the universe. That infinite ocean was the eternal love, the soul of nature and all one endless smile. * * * Out of this experience was born an unfaltering trust. Deep in the soul, below pain, below all the distraction of life, is a silence vast and grand—an infinite ocean of calm, which nothing can disturb; Nature's own exceeding peace, which 'passes understanding'."

I might cite many other points of similarity between the experiences of those who have developed the Cosmic Sense and the best parts of our New Thought teachings; but I think I have given enough to furnish material whereby each one can work the matter out for himself.

LITTLE CROSSES AND SHORTCUTS. **Estelle M. Burrowes.**

How often we deceive ourselves by taking imaginery "short cuts." The short cuts turn out to be very long ones, after all!

We come across a difficult problem at school, we skim over it, or we glean the solution from our fellow students when we should have puzzled it out by ourselves. We think that we have taken a short cut to knowledge, but by and by examinations come and we are unable to compete with the plodders.

As we grow older, disagreeable duties present themselves, but we shy around them. We think that in that way we can stave them off. Perhaps we shun sickness, fearing contagion; perhaps a helpless relative needs financial aid, but we would rather give a dinner party.

We see the little crosses lying in our pathway, but we don't pick them up and march on; we walk around them. Then, by and by, big responsibilities, that we are obliged to meet, present themselves, and we go all to pieces.

It is the same in business. We like to take short cuts by hurrying through things, or we don't concentrate the best that is in us on trivial tasks. Then, when a higher position becomes vacant, we are incompetent.

I have in mind a man who served for years, without remuneration, on a certain board, giving generously of what time he could spare from his business for the public welfare. He, however, gained an insight into the business at hand that few others possessed and later when the city needed a man with just such knowledge, he accepted the position offered to him at a salary which repaid him for the trouble he had taken in former years.

Success, after all, is a species of evolution: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—ESTELLE M. BURROWES.

In prosperity your enemies are your friends. In adversity your friends are your enemies. In equanimity you observe neither friends nor enemies.—Purinton.

Our Netop Rockery.

By William E. Towne.

We took enough time off this summer from planting beans, squashes, cucumbers, etc.,—*and* writing articles for *Nautilus*—to make what we call a rockery. I never heard of one before, nor saw one to my knowledge, but Elizabeth knows all about 'em. You'd think she was born and brought up with them to hear her talk, 'though I believe this *is* the first one she ever helped to make.

We had a nice pile of dead leaves lying by the side of the path to start with. These we bunched well together in the shape of a lump of sugar—brown sugar you know, not the square white lumps. The pile of leaves was situated in a shady place, only touched by the sun's rays for a little while at high noon, and consequently it was nice and damp. The next step was for me to shoulder my spade, take the wheelbarrow and transport five or six loads of nice leaf mold to the rockery. This earth was piled on top of the leaves, making a cone-shaped pyramid.

Then one warm, sunshiny Sunday morning when Elizabeth was feeling quite ambitious, and I wanted to go blackberrying, she picked up all the loose stones adjacent to the—as yet—incipient rockery, and piled several wriggly rows about the base of the pyramid, until perhaps one-half the surface was covered with them.

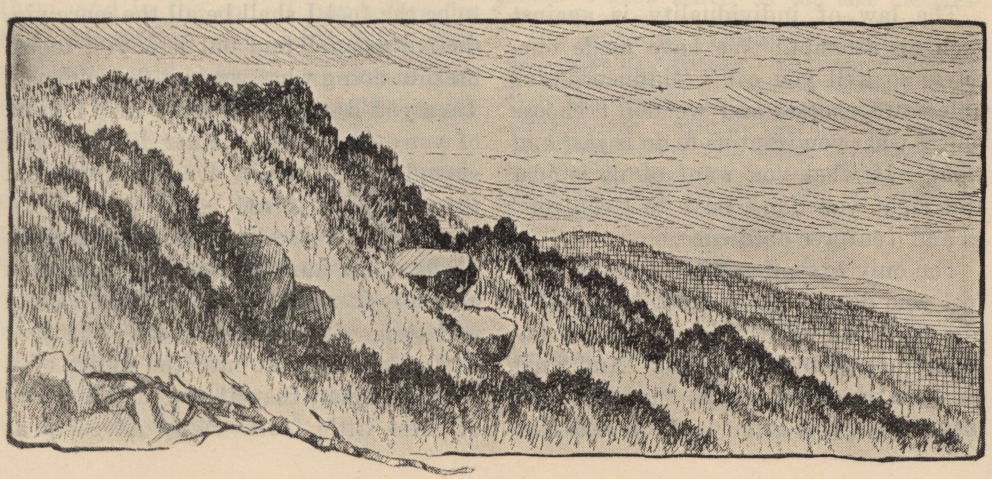
Everything was now ready for the transplanting of the growing things, which were to constitute the chief attraction of this rockery. We couldn't get anything suitable at the greenhouse, for which I was rather thankful, as I prefer the wild things anyhow.

On another Sunday morning we transplanted sweet-smelling pennyroyal, with its tiny blue flowers in full bloom, which we found growing in abundance in a mossy place by the brook. We also found several varieties of moss, the partridge berry vine, and two kinds of fern. Somewhat to our surprise, all of these things have seemed to take to the rockery, so far, and all are alive and looking green and healthy.

Then, one beautiful, warm September afternoon, when the hills and fields smelled fresh from a recent rain and the first touches of fall were in the air, we walked up the railway track about half a mile from Netop, turned into the woods and followed an old wood road nearly to the top of "the notch," (where the Amherst car line cuts through the rugged Mt. Holyoke range).

On the hillsides we secured plenty of rich material for our rockery, including ground pines, several handsome specimens of fern, wild clematis and another vine the name of which is unknown to us.

Late this fall we expect to cover the rockery deep with leaves, and hope that another summer will find it completely overrun with the vines, ferns, moss, etc., which we have been so successful in getting started this season.



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

HAIL THE YEAR 9. This number closes The Year 8 from the founding of *The Nautilus*. The number eight represents the body, the understanding of the earth and the intellect. It is a strong number representing power in the community.

With the November number *Nautilus* enters the Year 9. Nine is also a strong number which stands for *the soul* and inspiration. According to one authority, "eight strives for honors and wins them, but nine has them laid at its feet." May we live up to the full meaning of our Year 9—soul, inspiration, universal love and justice, progress, with honors and success following.

NOT SO! "Success comes to him who relies upon his own power to influence others to control them and enforce obedience to his own desire, through his personal magnetism."—E. M.

Never was a greater mistake than to relie upon one's own power "*to influence others, to control them and enforce obedience.*"

In the first place you *can't do it* in more than one case in a hundred, so if you try it you are doomed to ninety-nine failures to one success.

The law of individuality is against such an attempt. We have made ourselves so well you *can't* "influence" us unless we choose, and we don't choose unless what you want us to do is *just and right.* If what you want of us is just and right you don't have to "control" us and "enforce obedience."

The only exception to this is the poor fool who doesn't know what is good for him, and who thinks he is such an imbecile that he must obey you. And what glory is there for you in "influencing" the one poor fool after you have failed on the ninety-nine who are at least as smart as you are? You are welcome to all the credit (?) you get for such a performance—we don't want it.

And you don't want it either when you know what you are getting.

Reliance on your own power is a key to success. But you will never work the key aright until you use it in rightness to all mankind. It is never right to "enforce obedience to *your* desire," not even if you think your desire is best for both parties; as I presume you do in most cases. The point is that *you* don't know what is best for me, and you have no *right* to try to make me do your way. Suppose you influence me to buy your washing machine that is not worth the money, and that I don't want anyway. Don't you suppose I shall find out your perfidy and *curse you with my resentful thoughts,* even if I don't have influence enough to spoil your reputation and trade in a hundred other houses? If *you* can do things with your magnetism it stands you well in hand to remember what *I* might do *with mine.*

PERSONAL INFLUENCE. No, the only safe way to influence me is to SUGGEST THE TRUTH to me, and *leave me free to choose for myself.* Woe betide you if you do otherwise. If I happen to be as smart as you are, you *can't* influence me; if I happen to be the fool I shall be all the more vindictive when I find out how you fooled me into doing what was not for my good. *Then* you'll catch *hell* every time I think of you—literally—whether I am a wise enough fool to *know* I am sending you thought devils or not.

And don't you imagine my thought-devils won't hurt you because I am such a fool!—it were better for you that a mill stone were hanged about your neck and you were cast into the midst of a boiling geyser, than that you injure one of these little fools. Why all earth as

well as hell—and the Lord, too,—will wreak vengeance for the harm you did the poor fool.

Wreak vengeance in you—and you won't be wise enough to see the connection between your influencing the fool and later writhing in mental and physical rheumatics, while the blue devils tantalize you and sleep flees away. Oh, you won't *see* the connection between cause and effect—you won't believe it when you *do* see it.

But when you've fooled enough fools you'll realize your own foolness, and see the point.

Hands off other individuals!

Tell the truth, and let the other fellow decide whether he wants your goods, good or bad.

Control others to do *your* will? That is "black magic," tom foolishness and *sure defeat.*

PERSONAL MAGNETISM. Personal magnetism is the radio-activity of a steady purpose — as I have remarked before. A "bad" man —i. e., a selfish shortsighted, narrow minded, *green peach* of a man may have a steady purpose and some magnetism; if so it brings him a surface success with fools, and plenty of hell-fire afterwards to purge him for the next incarnation. Such a man repels "good" people (unselfish people) and has no success with them, and in the end, if not before, he hates himself as well as his dupes, and respects as well as hates—which is bitter, bitter—the ninety-nine whom he could not "influence."

The radioactivity of a steady purpose, other things being equal, is in proportion to the size of the purpose. The man with a selfish purpose radiates personal magnetism as a tallow dip, compared to the sun-radiance of a Jesus. Because Jesus' purpose was not only steady but big enough to include justice, love and freedom for all creation.

Grow a Christ ideal, and your personal magnetism will "influence" fool and sage for universal and all-personal good.

In the meantime the less you think about your personal magnetism the more time you will have in which to figure out the principle of righteousness.

Seek you *first* the kingdom of good to *all* men, and to be right with it, and personal magnetism, success, wealth and happiness shall follow.

"ON RELIEVING ONE'S MIND." Here is a good bit of philosophy from *Harpers' Bazar,* which I cheerfully commend to our readers' careful consideration and use. It chimes well with Grace MacGowan Cooke's article on "Strength," in September *Nautilus.* Ponder this:—

"Nothing weakens the mind more," said a clever woman, whose home was conspicuously happy, "than to relieve it. I used to, so I speak from experience. When I began housekeeping, I relieved my mind freely. That was why I could not keep any servants for the first three months. I am not a fool, so three months were enough, in that direction. But John remained. He could not give warning; so I relieved my mind to him after I learned not to do it so often to the cook. John said nothing; but he commenced staying out evenings; and as I before remarked, I am not a fool, so I determined that I would not relieve my mind for six months. In a week I realized the difference. My mind was more active, under the load, than it really ever had been before. You see, it had to meet things without complaining of them. At the end of the six months I no longer wanted to relieve my mind. I knew better. If you take the pressure off an engine, where is your power?"

Her philosophy was sound. A relieved mind may make its possessor more comfortable, but it makes everybody around uncomfortable. Half the family jars, half the changing of servants, are caused by the men and women who "must relieve their minds." In home life, the woman who keeps control of her speech is the woman who also keeps her servants—and her husband.

Work.

"Work is not a thing for which to be compensated, neither is it compensation for anything. Work is all. It is as true that God is Work as that God is Love. Work is That."

NEW THOUGHT IN SCHOOLS.

One of our readers—yes, several of them think we ought to have new thought text books in the schools. Of course. But don't you think new thought is percolating schools, teachers and text books as fast as the people will allow it? I do.

It isn't so much new thought text books our children need as new thought (1) mothers, (2) fathers, and (3) teachers.

New thought cannot be pinned to the pages of text books. It is *spirit,* not text.

The new thought is just a new light in which we see the same old things. The light, you know, is the soul that shines through the text. If *you* are full of the soul-light called new thought you can pick up any school text book and find new thought gleaming on every page—just as you can find it in the Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Pope—all of whom you will find in the text books of every school. And, by the way, they say Hubbard's "Little Journeys" are being introduced as text books in the common schools.

What we need is new thought *teachers,* at home and abroad, who can present things in the new light. The new thought, you know, is the thought of right, love, wisdom *now.* If we had text books full of new thought teachings it would profit the children little unless parents and teachers *live* the right, love, wisdom; live it and teach it in such a way that it will *attract* the children to live it too.

Let *your* light so shine that children may see your good works and glorify them and you; then they will let *their* lights shine in sympathy. There is just one way to influence a child for good—to show it an example it can *love.* Emulation follows love like its shadow.

But fret not your heart, neither let it be afraid. The new thought is creeping into the schools, fast and faster. I wish you could see the regiment of school ma'ams and school masters who read *The Nautilus.* There are *thousands* of them; each doing his and her best to carry the new thought message to thirty or forty or fifty little Garcias every year. Don't you think *that* counts? And think of the other thousands of school teachers who are Christian Scientists, Bishop Sabin-ites, Burnell-ites, Atkinson-ites, etc., who are each carrying the message to forty or fifty more. And they are all doing it *every day* of the school year. Think of it!

And think of the *tens* of thousands, yes, *hundreds* of thousands of mothers and fathers who are teaching and living new thought for their children and their children's children. *And new thought only one generation old as yet!* Think of it!

Why, in another generation the new thought will cover America as the waters cover the sea. The children are already growing up in it without knowing it. What we have pioneered our children, and the whole world's children, *are inheriting.* Unborn generations are coming into the world *to live in and by the new thought atmosphere we pioneers are creating.* Think of that! And don't worry about the lack of professional new thought text books in schools or out, unless you are in a position to write better text books than any now in use. You may depend upon it that just as fast as we need new text books the world-spirit of new thought will worry the right people into writing them, and the right school committees into accepting them.

The good White friend whose letter stirred me to write this editorial says, "They tell me in this town (not different from others either) the young men are shameless and hardened at sixteen years of age." If you really knew the

boys you might find them less "shameless" and "hardened" than represented. But suppose they are fully as bad as your informants tell you, is there anything in their text books that taught them to be "shameless" or "hardened" or "bad"? Did you ever see a school reader that inculcated anything baser than "The boy stood on the burning deck," and "Rienzi to the Romans," and "The Young Philosopher," and "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," and "A Blind Dog," and "A Poor Lame Cat"? And surely arithmetic, spelling, physiology, natural history, etc., cannot make a boy "bad." The fact is that our school text books come nearer our ideals than we do ourselves, parents and teachers included. If we could leave our children to the text books they might come out all right. But the fact is a child is influenced far more by teachers, parents and associates than by all the books ever written. "Hardened, shameless young men" grow in *hardened,* unkind, unintelligent if not shameless homes. Then they go to school six or seven hours a day with forty or fifty more children, where one over-burdened teacher, even if she is the best of new thought practicers, has not time enough to devote to winning the unruly ones from the hardened living they have grown up in. The real fault is with the parents and the grandparents and the great-great grandparents. But the *blame* belongs nowhere if not on *God,* who made us so we all began as ignoramuses and have to *grow* by experience, in wisdom and in knowledge. In other words, there is no blame resting *anywhere.* We all do the best we know; we all learn by experience; and if the boys grow up "hardened and shameless," through hard experiences, they will attract the further and harder experiences they need as corrective. In the end we all come *home,* like the prodigal son.

A BIT OF TELEPHONE ETHICS.

One of our good little girls—who has not been with us very long—has an incipient habit of visiting over the phone. She doesn't call up her friends very often, but she *lets* them call her.

I hoped she would catch our office vibrations of conservation of time and energy, and politely choke off her gossipy girl friends, but I hoped in vain. This morning she was called up—my desk is near the phone—"Oh, that was jolly!"—"Wish I'd been there, too"—"O*h-h*—wasn't he"—"Yes, cut bias with a new lingerie hat with blue roses"—"Oh *my!*"—"Really?"—"All right—I'll see you this evening"—"Yes, well." Et cetera.

I was writing. When the phone hung up I called, "Mabel." She came. "Take this card out and post it over the phone. First, read it."

This is what the card said:

> *When using the phone during business hours let your yea be yea and your nay nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.*

After Mabel went out with the card there was silence.

Then suppressed giggles.

Since then peace has reigned in the region of the phone.

HOW I MADE AN IMPRESSION.

When we lived at the other place downtown we had a woman come in every day to do the cleaning. When she covered up the big bookcases before sweeping she used books as weights to keep the covers from slipping off. Afterwards I would find the books replaced in the bookcase upside down and she was more than likely to replace dusted photos or framed pictures upside down. I spoke to her about this several times. She soon learned to replace the

pictures right side up. But the books continued to go in every which way. I spoke to her about it repeatedly. I scolded. Still the books went in pi fashion. Then one day a bright idea came to me. I called her in, closed the door carefully, and began very gravely —it is a wonder I didn't giggle, but I didn't.

"I've been considering this sometime now," I said, "and it is borne in upon me that I have a duty in the matter which I must not shirk. Probably the city authorities ought to be notified, and I suppose I must speak to them." Her eyes kept growing wider and now she looked scared. I continued gravely:

"It is against the public good, you know, for people to be illiterate. As you are too young and bright a woman to be exempt I think it really is my duty to see that you learn to read." Her eyes bugged harder than ever. Seriously she looked at me, but incredulity and a little relief began to show.

"Why, Mrs. Towne, I *can* read," she said, "whatever made you think I could not."

"Surely *not!*" I showed my astonishment, "it *can't* be so. You *surely* can't read. If you could you wouldn't have done *that*"—and I pointed to some five or six books wrong side up in the case.

Then she laughed and laughed again. And I *never* found another book wrong side up in that case.

Why didn't she forget that as she had my other talks on the same subject. Because this one was so unusual that it held her attention and imagination long enough to make a real impression upon memory. She probably thought of it and smiled every time she touched one of those books.

HOW TO KEEP THE DOOR SHUT. When we first came to our new home we had no end of trouble trying to keep the door closed which opens from the back hall into the cellar. Every girl who went down stairs after more *Nautiluses* or circulars left that door open, and forget to shut it when she came up. Abbie went down to the laundry and forgot it. I posted a "Please close the door" notice, but still the door was left open—even when two girls came scrambling and squealing up one day, with the breathless and bug-eyed information that a great big *rat* had run *right across* the storeroom.

I posted another notice—

THIS DOOR
MUST
BE KEPT CLOSED.

It was wide open the very next time I went out there. And the next and the next.

Then I bethought me of a new notice. Here is what I posted:—

I AM TREATING
THE RATS
TO CATCH
THE GIRLS WHO LEAVE
THIS DOOR OPEN ! ! !

The sign has been up a month or more, and the door is kept religiously shut. And not a rat nor a mouse has shown his little nose since I posted it. Do you suppose my treatment scared the rat as well as the girls?

BRIGHT IDEAS. Why can't I think of these bright little things in the first place, and save all the fuss of trying to *make* folks be good? I suppose, because I am *too busy,* so that only my old *instinctive* mind is brought to bear on the difficulty. When that proves inadequate I stop a moment and wonder what to do. Then the spirit of wisdom in which I live and move, and by which I am moved (sometimes), has a chance to drop the bright little idea

into my mind. If only I could be always calm and wondering, instead of positive and busy, maybe all my ideas would be bright.

No, I surmise that wouldn't work to advantage, for I'd get clogged up with bright ideas that could not be worked out for lack of time and energy. May be. I guess we have to be busy part of the time in *working out* ideas in order to *make room* for new and better ones. By being busy and working we sort of squeeze ourselves dry of ideas—squeeze the ideas out into visibility. Then we let go, straighten up, expand ourselves with a long breath and with wondering, and new ideas flow in again. Flow in just to incite us to more working *out.* (Now *that* is a bright idea, isn't it? And a bit of proof of its truth, for it comes to me first thing in the morning, after a good night's letting go and being filled up with the spirit.)

A LITTLE LEAVEN. How some families do get scattered over the globe. Here is a letter from our friend A. C. Taylor in which he sends a subscription for *Nautilus* for himself and wife at Chefoo, North China, one for his son in Los Angeles, and one for another son in Roumania! But think what an opportunity for this good new thought family to spread the gospel of good will.

I used to consider it a great calamity that I was not living in the heart of a lovely new thought family, in the center of a whole city-ful of new thought folks. Later I began to see that it was better to spread the new thought folks around among the old thought ones, as we spread yeast in our bread dough. If we kept the yeast in one bunch we'd have very sorry bread! And if we kept our advance thought folks bunched in communities we'd have a pretty soggy race as a whole. And after all the race is a solid whole, not one atom of which can be wholly enlightened until all are. Here's joy to the leaven in Chefoo and Roumania and Los Angeles.

By the way, there are so many new thoughters in Los Angeles. I hope they don't get *too* light and run all over things before the rest of us are properly raised.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Rita.—Your letter was too late for reply in September *Nautilus.* Fortunately, the chapter upon the Rhythmic Breath in that number contains much applying to your case. Study it thoroughly and note especially the last full paragraph on page 28. The ninth chapter also should be helpful to you. Follow directions in chapter eight, July *Nautilus,* in paragraph beginning *"Vayu* has an acid taste."

Practice alternate breathing every hour with the count of seven for inhalation and nine for exhalation; holding the breath slightly—486 counts—before exhalation, and observing like interval before inhaling next breath. Repeat six or seven times; that is, twelve to fourteen breaths, counting both negative and positive. Practice the held breath, as directed in chapter three, four times daily: When rising, at noon, in the gloaming and the last thing before retiring. The count for this can be lengthened according to convenience, and as you gain control in holding the breath. It is well to precede this exercise with several rounds of the alternate breathing. The difference between the two exercises is very great. The held-breath describes itself, the holding being the most important part. Alternate breathing exercises are nerve-calming and equalizing through restoring the balance of the currents; and the held breath is nerve-energizing, because the thought, concentrating on different centers, polarizes the electro-chemical action, which develops dynamic energy. A complete exercise for *Pranayama* includes two held breaths, and of course a like number of inhalations and exhalations; and there should be four rounds or repetitions for each practice. Concentrate upon same center in one round; that is, the positive breath should be concentrated exactly as was the negative preceding it, but each count of sixteen can be divided upon two centers—as sacral—and solar-plexuses—according to convenience or need.

Take daily hot baths and drink water very freely—at least two quarts daily. It may be hot or cold, but *not iced.* The addition of a dozen drops of lemon juice to every glass of water will aid in eradicating rheumatism.

Because of your suffering I am making an exception in your favor. As a rule I give no attention to anonymous letters.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove on obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money, in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 33.

The battle for success is in a realistic sense "every man's fight." The story of a success is never twice alike, for it is the embodiment of individual experience, as well as of endeavor; and it varies with the nature of the man, the nature of the circumstances, the nature of the business.

Success may be the achievement of another upon us, as well as our winning with ourselves, or with another. If the breaker down of our prejudices wins a success for himself, he makes a way of success to us. I came near losing my life once from prejudice deeply seated. Night sweats were wearing my life away and no physician could check them, and a change of climate by their advice did not prove curative. An everyday sort of a woman told my parents to put a tub of water beneath the bed and it would stop my trouble. I put that right on the list with ignorance and fetiches and considered it to be just as bright as carrying a piece of looking glass in one's hat to cure disease would be. I would not have it done. After I retired one night my parents did it, and I never afterwards sweat a drop. I was surprised to wake up in the morning dry. This was not a matter of mind—just a success for pure cold water. It produced a double cure, for it cured my blindness and cured my trouble. I have ever since been open to try things, especially when it cost nothing to do so.

Why should we not tell what success has wrought as well as what it is?—C. P. Watts.

Letter No. 34.

The secret of success is the art of self-control.

Self-control is obtained by controlling the action of the physical heart.

The heart is the only involuntary organ in the human body that has striated muscles; this proves that it is open to control by the voluntary mind.

One way of gaining control over the heart is by controlling the breath.

The more ways one tries to breathe, with this object in view, the better, until one has found the best way for his or her own case.

Another way (and the more ways one tries, the better) is to keep the voice pitched low.

Another way is to keep silent and *smile* when some one else insists on doing all the talking.

Another way is to keep all one's personal experience to one's self with the constant auto-suggestion that by so doing all the *good* of that experience will come forth in your life and do more good to others than a recital (especially if repeated and reiterated) of all the steps in the case.

Any or all of these ways, and many others besides, can be employed to control emotion of any kind, and controlling emotion is controlling the heart.

Auto-Suggestion of your own choosing, in connection with your work or any device you may hear or read about, if the auto-suggestion is of ennobling character will be very helpful to you

Do the best you can at whatever you find to do, and then never *blame* yourself or others if you fail, nor feel much elated if you succeed.

D flat is in the same chord with E and A; therefore A can be on good terms with either D or D flat provided the other is absent or silent.

If D and A are hobnobbing, and F sharp can step in and be welcome; or if D and A are enjoying a little confidential chat, E can join in harmoniously, but both D and F sharp would be *detrop;* and A is all right in either case. So are all the others if they can only learn when to keep silent and when to sound.

Of course, absence from inharmonious contact is always preferable when possible, but silence in such contact comes next.—S. M. SHIELDS, True, Tex.

If anyone blames you, don't try to explain, unless an explanation is evidently *due* the censuring one—just smile and keep silent.

Whenever you fail in one attempt, think to yourself: "Success will be mine when I gain complete control over my heart"—then keep on trying. When one way fails, try another. It is impossible for you to commit an absolute error; for you are only a relative being.

All trials of ways and means strengthens the mental nerves and muscles even though nothing more may be accomplished.

If some one else does not agree with you, you are simply not both in the same harmony.

It is no more your duty to make yourself over (though you will find it to the advantage of all concerned to avoid irritating, disagreeable *ways* as much as possible,) with this exception, it is no more your duty to make yourself over to suit another than it is that other one's duty to change his or her individuality to suit your case.

If Nature pitched you on D don't try to string yourself up to D sharp, or lower yourself to D flat. Those tones belong in the chromatic scale as much as you do and you belong in that scale *just as you are* as much as they do, but you are not in harmony when sounded together.

D is in the same chord with F sharp and A.

In our September *Nautilus* we had a number of good success letters. The girls in the office cast five votes for Letter 28, two for 29 and two for number 30. And I imagine I can trace the needs and nature of each voter in the letter voted for! I fancy all our girls live pretty well up to Letter 31 without thinking anything about it. And for Letter 32—as our girls are all under twenty-five and none of them professed new thoughters, that failed to impress them, though I fancy a good many of our older readers will consider it the best of the lot. But we still stand by the vote of our girls and award the prize for September success letter to Rose M. Ward, Manager Postal Telegraph Company, McKeesport, Pa., along with our thanks and congratulations. Will she please let us know to whom she wishes the subscriptions sent?

When I came to Leila's vote I smiled. It read 'Letter 28." Leila has charge of several girls, and I wondered who had been tempting her to "Speak Comfortably to Jerusalem!" Letter number 29 was voted by the two newest girls, who are thinking about preparation, and number 30 by the two next newest who are just beginning to forget themselves! William likes number 29 the best, and I like them *all* so well I can't choose!

Anent Books and Things.

—"Medicinal Foods," by Otto Carque, 560 South Hope street, Los Angeles, Cal., is a ten cent pamphlet which gives tables of food values, etc., of value to all.

—In *Success* (32 Waverly place, New York), for September, is an interesting article on "How Roosevelt Plays the Game," which ought to inspire any young man to play politics for the people not for the party or for plunder.

—*Fellowship*, published in the interests of Rev. B. Fay Mills' fine work in Los Angeles, Cal., is growing in beauty and size. The leading article in September number is "Social Reconstruction through Spiritual Release," by Mr. Mills.

—Elmer Ellsworth Carey has a good "Bicycle Sermon" in September *Suggestion*, and Charles Gilbert Davis, M. D., has a good article on "Suggestion, the Basic Law of Cure." Address *Suggestion*, 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago. Price, $1.00 a year.

—"The Philosophy of Rest" is a charming little book by Ella Adelia Fletcher, author of "The Law of the Rhythmic Breath." Printed in two colors on beautiful cream paper, and bound in red glace vellum and gold, sixty-three pages. Published by Dodge Publishing Company; price not stated.

—Do you like socialism and knocks and things done up rather well? Then you will like *To-Morrow*, which by the way, is waxing fat and prosperous looking. In their September number, in addition to the knocks, there is a very kind story of Elizabeth Towne, with a picture of her. The address is 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago.

—*Eternal Progress* is progressing, or evolving. It is now published in standard magazine size, with a nice cover in two colors. In September number are such attractive articles as "Musical Therapeutics," "Business Psychology" and "Re-creating Your Own World," by the editor, Christian D. Larson. Published at 796 East McMillan street, Cincinnati.

—The most interesting thing to me in *New Thought* for September is Louise Radford Wells' "Our Mothers' Page." I have no little ones now, but I'll never lose my interest in how the other folks bring up theirs. I don't know how old a maid Miss Wells is, but her numerous *New Thought* children will surely be perfect if they come up in accordance with her "Mothers' Page," *New Thought*, 1170 Caxton building, Chicago. Price, fifty cents a year.

—Here is a postal card from our old friend, Dr. Paul Edwards, that incorrigible globe trotter who must scatter personally the seeds of the new thought in more lands, climes and unthought of corners of the earth than any other man living. Dr. Edwards' letter is dated Moscow, Russia, August 7, 1906, and reads as follows: *"Dear Friends—How is God's Land? I have been traveling in Russia for some weeks but cannot say that I like it. All is unrest, fear and rough rule. A mighty volcano is sizzling just under Russia and will soon break thru the crust and sweep away this awful injustice. Please announce where I am. I soon go to Warsaw, Poland, then to Germany, Austria and England. I am well. Best of helping wishes to you all. Faithfully your friend, Dr. Paul Edwards."*

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

E. S. H.—It is not instruction you need, but plenty of persistent practice. To be still mentally is to find yourself in the silence. The best practice for quieting the mind is to "hold the thought." Say "Peace" to yourself, and keep bringing your thought back to that every time you catch it wandering. Practice this ten minutes or more at a time, once or twice *every* day until you find yourself in the silence. There is no other way that I know of to do it, and all the articles that ever were written will not take the place of practice. As well try to play the piano by reading theory. Be not troubled—*practice.* Practice lying flat on your back without a pillow—windows *wide* open. Begin by taking a dozen or so slow, full, even breaths through the nostrils, holding each breath a moment and then taking pains to exhale at least as slowly as you inhaled. Now close your eyes and relax all over, letting your thought travel slowly to each extremity of the body, and over the body and face itself, mentally bidding each part *rest.* After this "hold the thought" as directed. Use one thought only at any one period of practice. Alternate "Peace" with "Love" and "Spirit" and "Life," or other words expressing a universal good.

E. M. H and F. W. W.—Mental Science is what college professors used to call psychology. Perhaps they call it that yet. Helen Wilmans lifted the name bodily and applied it to her version of what we call new thought. Mental science as a name is still used by some of the new thoughters who try to keep the new thought entirely free from all ideas of religion. But that name seldom appears now in current new thought literature. It has come to mean simply Helen Wilmans' version of new thought.

ANOTHER "MISS PHILURA"—I would use the same "definite means" that the original "Miss Philura" used—I would *believe* that I received what I desired, and I would stick to it mentally and get ready for it outwardly, no matter what the appearances. There is no other way to realize your desires, except to *believe* and *keep on* believing. All treatments are merely forms for convincing yourself that you believe. Even as you can "tell a lie until you believe it yourself," so you can tell yourself a truth until finally you are convinced and the truth manifests. If you want more definite instructions follow some course of new thought lessons.

A. M. C.—When you went to school you were told to repeat a thing until you learned it. So you memorized bodily what you did not understand, and later the meaning came to you. The same principle holds good now. If you are following out a course of instruction do it with a will, and faithfully, make what affirmations you are directed to, and trust the spirit to teach you the meaning in due time. If you don't now understand the meaning of "I AM" nobody can explain it to you *except the spirit within you.* Be still and know.

J. A. C. M.—By all means eat fruit with your peanuts and bread if you want it, especially when you feel better for eating it, as you say you do. If you live abstemiously, and chew every mouthful of food to a liquid before swallowing, your appetite will be an infallible guide as to what you need. I do not believe in an arbitrarily restricted diet except for a short time and as a corrective to excesses which have gone before. The normal human needs many foods, different things at different times; and if he *is* normal his appetite, what others call his "natural hunger," will select the right foods for him. But a pampered appetite, the appetite of an overtickled palate instead of the hunger of a stomach which really needs and wants material, calls for everything in sight and too much of it. Eat little and chew much, and you will get down to the normal hunger which can be trusted infallibly. I surmise from the tone of your letter that the principle trouble with you is *fear.* You are afraid to eat, afraid to work, most of your mental energy is devoted to thinking about what you can't do and to straining after health. Throw fear to the winds, eat what is set before you or what you desire, and *eat it well;* and do a reasonable amount of *active* outdoor work every day, increasing the amount little by little; and you will soon find yourself healthy, useful and happy.

L. A. M.—My opinion about a book that pictures a hell hereafter and says all animals and savage tribes are lost souls? *Rot.* The author of such a book doesn't know what she is talking about. She is vindictive herself, so she imagines a vindictive God grinning over the writhings of a hell-ful of victims. When she outgrows her own barbarism she will find a different conception of God and hell. Use *your own* gumption when you come across such statements—it is probably better than hers.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that shaw it! Here are a few the editor has culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

Here is a bit from a letter just received from Anna L. Thorne, of Toledo, which shows very nicely just how the wind is blowing. If only we are not *too busy* we can see all about us just such "straws" as Anna noticed. This is what she says: "A woman who had done sewing daily for thirty years or more, and gone into different houses, said to me today—'I wonder why it is, but do you know I find people very different now-days than in early years. Every one used to be so touchy and had so little self-control, now everyone seems to be trying to be kind and to pass over things if they go wrong.' I laid it to the new thought movement. Is not that good to hear?"

This page is set aside for record of all these little things that show the world *does* move in the desired direction—in spite of recent exposures!—and we are *glad* to have our friends contribute bits from their own experiences or observations, as well as clippings from current newspapers, etc. Write your "straws" on separate sheets of paper, not mixed in letters, and they will be sure to meet the editor's attention. She does not see all the letters, but she sees all these special communications.

"A Russian traveler declares that business among the Chinese is managed on the co-operative principle. There are neither proprietors nor employes, but all who work in an establishment are partners. Small allowances, barely enough to live on, are allotted to them from time to time, but at the end of the year all the profits are divided. The honesty of Chinese merchants is proverbial. Obligations are met punctually when due. There are ten branches of the Russo-Chinese Bank located in China, and there has been no record since its establishment of a single protested note.—*Metaphysical Magazine.*

"Begging is not permitted in Belgium. There is a kind of farm colony at Merxplas to which offenders are sent. There is no wall about the place but a hundred and fifty soldiers are stationed there. Except a few criminals confined in cells, there is little or no restraint. There are some forty-five hundred committed there by the courts, and about twelve hundred blind and otherwise disabled. The inmates are supplied with work, including the cultivation of the soil, and produce all that they use and eat. They are paid for their work, and a small sum is given them when they are discharged. There are many escapes but no effort is made to arrest them. If they get work, that is what is wanted; but if they do not, they are soon back. About nine-tenths are habitual inmates. A similar system exists in Holland. Denmark, however, seems to surpass everything. The old, the poor, the shiftless and criminal are duly classified. Old persons who have led upright lives, receive a pension. It is a meed of honor. They live in a "Home," have full personal liberty, servants to wait on them, and they vote for members of Parliament. Another class, the Almendelig, are required to work if they are able, and are more or less restricted. There is also a workhouse for the younger, and every one is set about the work for which he is best fitted, receiving pay for it. There is also a Reformatory in which labor is compulsory for part of the inmates, and it is also supplied to those desirous to acquire the working habit. Individuals may be promoted from one class to a higher and even pass to freedom and respectability. Thus the deserving poor and incapable are housed, employed, and cared for according to their necessities and capabilities, under honorable conditions. The undeserving are placed in institutions, where character and industrious habits may be developed, and required to work at occupations most beneficial to them and profitable to the state. But there is no room for persons not working, whether willing or unwilling."—*Metaphysical Magazine.*

"An admirable act of corporate courage and business conscience has come to light in England. The terrible railway wreck at Salisbury, in which so many Americans were killed, is still fresh in memory. At the official inquiry into the cause of the accident, officers and employes of the company came forward and testified in the frankest possible way, without regard as to whether their testimony would hurt the company or not; and before a verdict had been rendered, indeed, before the inquiry had been completed, the directors of the company issued a formal statement that they 'took full responsibilty for the accident and for all the legal consequences of it.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

"The first conviction in North Carolina on a charge of lynching negroes, was secured at Salisbury on the 10th against George Hall, a white man and ex-convict. A special term of the court had been called by the Governor for the purpose of trying the accused, and within four days after the crime Hall was under sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary—the maximum penalty."—*The Public.*

"The Federal Grand Jury for the western district of New York returned indictments on the 10th against the Standard Oil Company and other companies alleged to be conspirators with it, for violation of the interstate commerce law. The specific charges are that the Standard Oil Company accepted special rates from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for interstate transportation of its products."—*The Public.*

The Nautilus Way.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

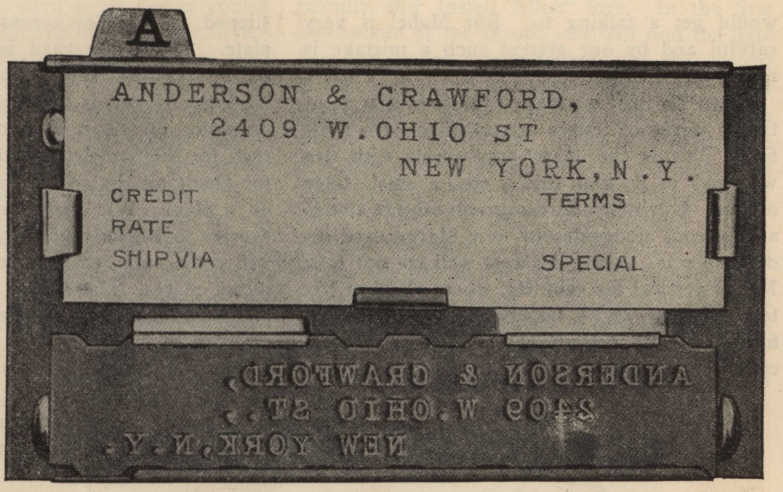
At last we have our new system installed and a few pictures ready, so we can give our readers the long promised article about our new home and methods. For a description of the house itself you can see page twenty-five of the June *Nautilus*. This article will give the business system.

Let's begin at the beginning. It is just time for the beginning now—here comes Maude with the leather hand bag full of your letters! This is "the morning's mail." William and I always bring the "night mail" ourselves. That gives us a good two miles' walk, a mile each way, at the close of each working day, and we still "go for the mail" ourselves just for the sake of this good exercise. We let Maudie ride back from the post office on the car, and *sometimes* we do that ourselves.

A CORNER OF LEILA'S OFFICE.
From left to right, Leila, May, Pamela, Frances.

Beside my desk is another, usually presided over by Mabel. At this desk the mail is first sorted and William's letters deposited on his desk. Then Mabel slits all *The Nautilus* letters with an envelope opener and stacks them up neatly in front of her. Next she gets out a little box of Weis clips, another of pins and a cover from a long envelope box, and a dating stamp and pad. Then she carefully removes the contents from the first letter, taking pains to see that no stamps or small coins drop out. Next she counts the money, if any, lays it in front of her on the desk, and writes the amount *plainly* on the upper left hand corner of your letter. If there is no money she writes *oo* on the upper left hand corner. Then she reads enough to find out (1) how much money you intended to send, and (2) what you want for it. Suppose you say you enclose $1.00 and she finds only 75 cents. Then she looks in your envelope carefully again, looks all around over her lap and about the desk, recounts the

money another time or two. Sometimes she will find a money order or stamps clinging to the inside of the envelope. If after careful search and recounting she can find only seventy-five cents, she writes ".75" on the corner of your letter and under it the word *"short."* We know by that that she did not overlook the matter, writing seventy-five cents by mistake.



ADDRESSOGRAPH PLATE.

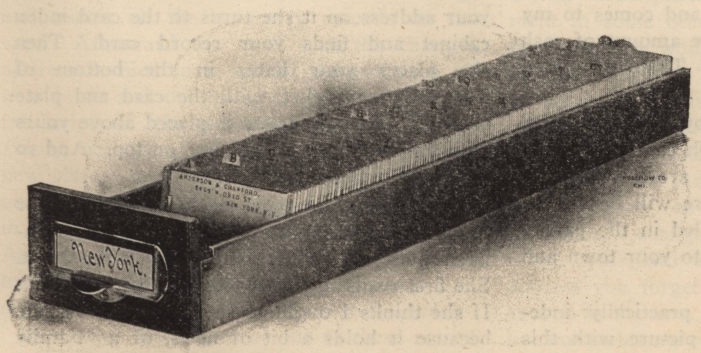
Next Mabel stamps on your letter the date it was received. If there are two or three sheets she pins them together, if there are pictures, manuscripts, etc., she uses a clip instead of a pin.

Then your letter is placed in one of six neat piles, with the envelope carefully deposited on top of the letter, for reference in case you have forgotten to give you complete address. You would be surprised to see how many times you forget to put on your *state.* And quite frequently you leave the entire address out of the letter and we find it on the envelope. And sometimes you give us only your name, and we find your town and state by the postmark only. When the postmark is blurred we have to keep your letter and envelope in the "hold-up file" until you complain about it. And once or twice you didn't give your address even in the complaint! So the letters are still held up!

After your letter is disposed of Mabel puts the money in the pasteboard box cover and then proceeds to the next letter. Two letters are *never* open on the desk at the same time, and the money is never placed in the box until after its letter is laid on the pile it belongs to. Mabel sorts the letters into piles of (1) new subscriptions, (2) renewals, (3) trial subscriptions and sample copy requests, (4) straight book orders and Lesson reports, (5) advertising orders, and (6) letters that come directly to my desk.

Any girl who opens the mail is taught to do it in this careful, particular way, each motion made in *exactly* that order and *no other,* so that she quickly forms a *habit* of doing it just that way. Just notice a bit and you will see that the habit is a sort of self-checking one which makes a mistake nearly impossible.

And to make assurance doubly sure we make a daily transcript of our orders, the total of which must balance with the cash in that paste board box cover. If you say you enclose $1.00 and we mark the letter seventy-five cents, when after all it was a mistake and you *did* send the dollar, there would be twenty-five cents more in that box than the transcript total shows. So we would know by that you were right and Mabel was wrong. *Then* Mabel



METAL DRAWER WITH ADDRESS PLATES.

would get a talking to. But Mabel is very careful and by our system such a mistake is nearly impossible.

When the mail is all open the four first mentioned stacks of letters are taken to Leila's office. This is the 14x20 foot room with five windows in it, four desks, etc., a small table or two. Our new addressograph cabinet stands at one end, alongside our new Macey card index cabinets. Along the west wall are our four Macey vertical file cabinets, where all your letters are kept, and a bookcase full of common files used for certain special letters, sample copy requests, etc.

OUR ADDRESSOGRAPH.

As soon as the four stacks of letters reach this room, one stack is given to each girl, who takes off the daily transcript from her bunch. This transcript is footed up and comes to my desk for comparison with the amount of cash in the pasteboard box cover. Then it is dated and filed.

Then the letters are taken by Ellen or Mabel to the card and addressograph cabinets. Here she looks first to see if you are a subscriber to *Nautilus*. If you are there will be an addressograph plate for you, filed in the particular metal drawer belonging to your town and state.

These plates are all-metal, practically indestructible and look like the picture with this article. The address is made by pressing into type form a little strip of thin metal, which is slipped into a slot across the bottom of the plate. The white card is then printed from the address and slipped in another slot across the top. All this is done for us in Boston, quite promptly, at a cost of two and one-half cents each for the completed plates, or one cent each for changing the address strip and white card on a plate. We can send one thousand addresses to Boston and in five days or less they will come back, each name and address on its metal plate. There are about two hundred plates to one of the metal drawers, and 126 drawers to a cabinet.

When it comes time to print the wrappers for *Nautil*us, Pamela takes these drawers one at a time to the machine, ends the drawer up at the top, tilts the frame back so the plates will stay, removes the drawer and slides it in below. The machine works by foot power, but electric or other power can be substituted. Then, just as fast as Pamela can feed in the wrappers or envelopes, the plates come into place, make their impression and drop down into the drawer below, each in its proper place. Pamela and two or three other girls take turns at the machine, and it requires two days and a half each month to print the addresses of all our subscribers. As we are adding one thousand or more addresses each month we shall soon be using the machine more. But our list will have to reach at least five times its present proportions before we need more power and with this one machine we *could* manage to take care of ten times our present number.

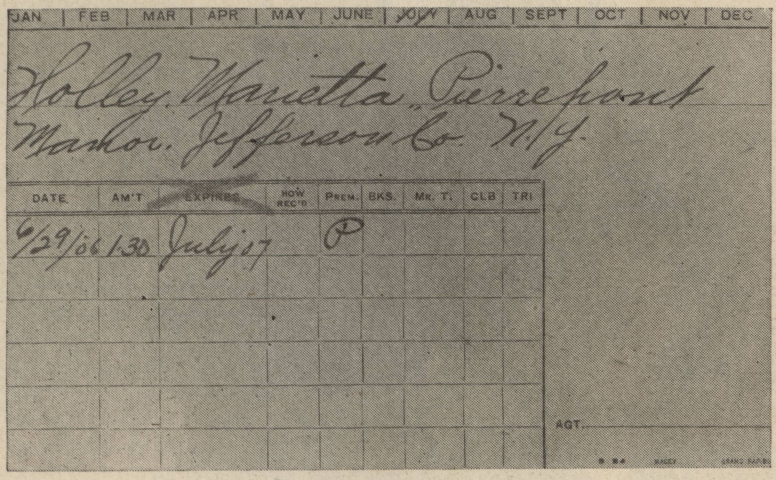
When Ellen has found the metal plate with your address on it she turns to the card index cabinet and finds your record card. Then she places your letter in the bottom of a wire letter basket, with the card and plate on top. The next letter is placed above yours with its plate and card, if any, on top. And so on until the basket is full.

Then the basket goes back to Winifred or May, for the orders to be filled. Suppose Winifred gets the basket with your letter in it. She first reads the letter to find what you want. If she thinks I ought to see it, for any reason, because it holds a bit of news, or a "Family Counsel" question, or a suggestion, or criticism of *Nautilus*, or some friendly gossip, etc.,

she marks the letter "Special," and after the girls are all through with it the letter comes to my desk. If Winifred thinks your letter requires an answer that Leila can make as well as I, she marks it "Postal" or "Note."

Then she addresses the envelope or label necessary to fill your order, and on the flap of the envelope or the back of the label she writes the names of the different things which are to go to you. Also she writes this same record on *your letter* and verifies it; so that, if we ever need to refer to your letter we can tell exactly what was sent you. Of course we use initials or abbreviations of titles for this purpose.

Next she compares the address in your letter


JAN | FEB | MAR | APR | MAY | JUNE | JULY | AUG | SEPT | OCT | NOV | DEC
Holley, Marietta, Pierrepont
Manor, Jefferson Co. N.Y.
DATE | AM'T | EXPIRES | HOW REC'D | PREM. | BKS. | MR. T. | CLB | TRI
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AGT.

OUR MACEY INDEX CARD.

to see if they are alike. If you ask for a change of address she puts your metal address plate in "pi," to go to Boston for the change.

Then she changes your address on the record card, which looks like the cut on this page, but is three inches wide by five inches long; and makes all the necessary records on the card. Afterward this card with the changed address is filed in a special drawer with all new cards and on the 15th of every month a transcript of the addresses goes to Boston (along with the "pi" plates) from which the new plates are made. If there was no change on your address plate, it would be put back in its old place after the day's work is done. And your card would go back in its old place, too. It will reach its old place anyway, as soon as the transcript of addresses is made.

Now note the picture of one of these record cards. This cut is made from the card of Miss Marietta Holley, the famous author of "Samantha and Josiah Allen" lore. In the first pigeonhole of the record you will find the date her first order was received. In the second is the amount of her order; then the date of expiration of her subscription, and in the fifth space is a record that shows she received a premium. If her order had come through some other person, either a friend or a regular agent, there would be a mark in the fourth square, and the last name of the friend would be written on the line at the lower right hand corner, where it says "Agent." If Miss Holley had ordered books without subscriptions there would be a mark in the column headed "Bks." If her letter contained an order for William in addition to ours, the amount of his order would appear in column marked "Mr. T." If she ordered other magazines in a club with *Nautilus* there would be a mark in the column headed "Clb." And if she had sent us simply a trial subscription in answer to an advertisement in some other magazine, the initials of that magazine would appear in the last column marked "Tri," for "trial." If Miss Holley sends us other orders they will be entered in order on the lines below. When the front of the card is full of records we proceed to fill up the back, too. One card lasts a long time, you see, and we enter on it every letter containing money or a change of address.

But *sometimes* when you send a change of address you forget to give us the *old* address as well as the new. If you have changed towns but not states we can find you by looking over all the cards belonging to your state—in some

cases a very tedious job. If you have changed states, too, we might as well look for a needle in a haystack, as to try to find your card. Sometimes, if you wrote us another letter not so very long before, we can find you in the Macey letter files, where the letters are indexed according to names only, with eight hundred divisions to the alphabet. If we can't find your old address there, Leila puts your letter and forever after give complete addresses. So shall he receive the blessings of all good girls in the office! (And take pains to write your address *plainly!)*

See the names of months across the top of the card? If your subscription expires in December, 1906, there is a black pencil mark running through it. If December, 1907, there will be *two* black marks; if December, 1907, one

A GLIMPSE OF WILLIAM'S OFFICE.

With Mabel seated at the end of Elizabeth's desk, Anna and Maude near William.

in the "hold up file," after writing you that we must have the old address. Sometimes a girl will hunt for hours to find an old address; and then Leila must wait for you to enlighten us. In the meantime we may have addressed another *Nautilus* to you, on the addressograph, and wasted another copy of the magazine. All that bother and loss because one person is thoughtless, or because she does not know how a business office is managed. As all publishers use some such system as ours, you could make *lots* of trouble in the world by taking several magazines and then changing your address without being careful to give both old and new addresses and doing it *promptly.* So I am hoping *all* our readers will remember this tale

red pencil mark; December, 1908, two red marks, etc. This helps us when we go to take out the cards of delinquents. We can fan down the cards and see all those marks in a straight line. Otherwise we would have to read each card to find delinquents.

The cross on Miss Holley's card was put on with a red pencil, to indicate that Miss Holley already had an address plate, so her card was to be filed in its original home in the card system. Otherwise it would go in with the new cards and there would be a new plate made with every order.

After Winifred gets through with her basket of letters it is turned over with the cards, plates and envelopes or labels to Leila or May, who

goes over the whole thing again to make sure no mistake has been made in filling or entering the orders. After this checking the cards and plates go into a letter basket to be filed again to their places, the letters go into another basket to be filed later, and the labels, etc., go to the mailing room. Letters which need replies go to Leila's desk, and she dictates the answers, unless there is something in them which requires my attention, too. Leila attends to about forty-nine out of fifty letters that come, and Frances Kidnay looks after them in her absence. Each girl has my name signed on the typewriter, and then writes below it her initial in ink. When you get a letter with my name in typewriting—I almost *never* sign by hand—and no initial under it, you may know I dictated the letter myself.

Our new system and also the record card we use, are adapted from the system and card used by the Phelps Publishing Company, of Springfield, in keeping the records of *Good Housekeeping*. Mr. Merrick kindly allowed the office manager, Mr. Burnz, to explain their system to us in detail. William and I spent an interesting two hours in Mr. Burnz' office, during which he answered most readily and satisfactorily about a thousand and one questions, showing us their records and office appliances in illustration. We came home and talked system all evening and dreamed it out all night! Then William and Leila and I thought it over and talked it over for weeks after that. And we had been reading all the system magazines for months before. Our new system is the outgrowth. So far we are well satisfied with it. It requires fewer girls to take care of a given volume of business, and they do it much more securely. With all this, the possibility of mistakes is reduced *almost* to zero. This is what we aim to do—to fill orders promptly and *infallibly!* The first we have always done; the second we have always aimed at, and *now* we are pretty nearly doing it! If our American postal system were as good as Canada's, and if our American people were less careless in handling their own mail I think we might attain the desired infallibility!

It is funny how many of our fourth class postmasters fail to deliver a package until a tracer has been sent after it. And we have had friends complain that *Nautilus* failed to reach them, and later after we sent another copy—write to say they had found it in the bureau drawer where someone else put it! Once Judge Ben Lindsey wrote that he had failed to receive a package ordered two months before. We traced it up, and behold, the package had been delivered promptly to his stenographer, who tucked it up in a closet without even opening it!

AN ANNIVERSARY. This number closes volume VIII of *The Nautilus*. Some of you may be still preserving the first number of Vol. 1, that little four-page paper which was the parent of our present magazine. Our old subscribers will realize how *The Nautilus* has grown in the eight years of its life.

On page twelve of *The Nautilus* for November, 1904, we gave our readers a little "Nautilus Lore" which may be interesting reading in connection with this number, to those of our friends who cherish *Nautilus* to the extent of preserving back numbers. I wish you could all step in and *see* how we have grown and how our business methods have evolved—and are still evolving. For I believe our old friends are genuinely interested in *The Nautilus* as a real new thought demonstration.

Why, think of it—only six years ago, when I first came to Holyoke, William and I lived and published *Nautilus* for five months in *one room* in the Franklin boarding house, William being employed daytimes in an American Writing Paper Company's office. The first issue of *Nautilus* in Holyoke was *4,500 little four-page papers*. For September, 1906, number we printed 27,000 copies, which weighed over 7,500 pounds. We now have from ten to fourteen girls helping us, and more coming.

And this is all done by use of the principles we advocate in these pages. We are a solid *"firm,"* growing steadily, strongly, from a tiny beginning, just as great oaks from little acorns do. We had no pull and no fame to begin with, and next to no money. We have grown a good credit along with our business, —a credit which we *very* rarely use, and *never* use without foreknowledge that we can meet payment at the right time. It is as a demonstration of the power of new thought principles *lived up to*, as nearly as humans usually live up to anything, that I tell you these things.

And I take no credit in the matter without according equal credit to whomsoever will practise the principles. As Walt Whitman says, *"By God! I will accept* NOTHING *that all cannot have the counterpart of on the same terms."*

Success is a science that we are demonstrat-

ing as well as writing about. And I tell you these things for your inspiration.

Now note one thing: The growth of *Nautilus* seems great to me, and to many of our readers. Perhaps so great as to discourage some, by comparison with what *they* have accomplish. I shall never forget how the silver tones of Emma Abbott discouraged me when as a music student I mentally compared *my* tones to hers.

But to others of our readers the growth of *Nautilus* will seem small. There are magazines that claim 100,000 subscribers at the end of a year or so. But they started with fame or money or both and they are not magazines of a special character, like *Nautilus*. A *Ladies' Home Journal* interests more or less every woman, while *Nautilus* appeals to about one in 100,000 persons. So the growth of one bears little relation to that of the other.

The same rule holds good with every individual's growth, with all kinds of success. A Standard Oil success looks greater than a *Nautilus* success, judged by those who are on the outside of both. But who shall say the cabbage is a greater success than the violet, because it is larger? Success is comparative when judged from without. Judged from within, from the point of righteous judgment, it is *an attitude of mind which can be righteously compared only with the individual's previous attitudes of mind.*

The *Nautilus* is success.

I am success—I was a failure—*all* in my mind.

THE NAUTILUS PRINCIPLES. What is the *Nautilus* principle? It is *truth* to *the individual's own spirit,* that the pattern which is in the heavens of that spirit may come into manifestation through the individual's activities.

To be true to what *you* think and feel; to work faithfully and well at what *your* spirit sets before you, or holds you to; to radiate soul-shine on just and unjust, condemning none; this is to glorify God, grow in his image and likeness and enjoy him forever and ever.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

By Charles E. Boyce.

The air seems to be full of thoughts of telepathy. One comes in contact with it in all sorts of unexpected places. Within the last few weeks I have seen several articles on this and kindred subjects in the daily papers. I herewith send you an account of an experience of mine, which is in keeping with the views expressed by your husband, in the April issue of the *Nautilus*. I give a bold statement of facts, without premises or deductions.

About thirty-three years ago, I—a youth of about twenty—went to visit an older brother, at the noon hour. While talking to him, I was seized with an intense fear. He looked at me with surprise and asked me what was the matter. I exclaimed, "Oh Ella! Ella's in *danger!*" Ella was my favorite cousin, my ideal of young womanhood. The next time I visited my cousins, I related my experience and learned that Ella and her mother were visiting some poor people, and at the very same moment that I experienced the above mentioned emotion of fear, Ella held a sick baby in her lap. She had not felt any fear, but her *mother* knew the baby was dying, and *thought* (*at the time*) it was dying of a dangerous contagious disease. *She* was in a perfect *agony* of fear for her daughter, yet she did not dare show it.

Compensation.

SARAH BRACKETT.

I am One, I am Two,
I am Bliss, I am Woe,
I am God, I am you,
I suffer, I grow.

Growth from Pain can never divide;
Bitter with sweet must always abide,
For this flux and reflux,
This Ebb and This Flow.
Will be Here and Beyond
So long as we grow.

I am One, I am Two,
I am Bliss, I am Woe,
I am God, I am You.
I suffer, I grow.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

Eggs are one of the concentrated nitrogenous foods which may be substituted for meat; to be used with accessory foods, as meat is, in order to supply the body with all the elements necessary for the repair of the tissues and the energy or fuel required. Eggs are almost a perfect food, containing albumen (a form of nitrogen), fats, and mineral matter—as salts of iron, magnesium, potassium, etc., and are one of the most satisfactory foods in adaptability to or quickness of preparation. Because of their chemical composition it follows that they are nourishing and, in general, they are digestible, the egg substance being more fully digested and more easily and rapidly than most foods. It depends partly upon the method of cooking eggs as to how quickly this may be accomplished, raw eggs being most rapidly assimilated and put to work at the repair of the human machine. Where there is already too much albumen in the system eggs are not to be recommended but this is not a normal condition and for human beings who keep and wish to continue to keep themselves in proper shape, eggs are most desirable and satisfactory as food. It should be remembered, however, that eggs, like milk, are intended primarily for babies and chickens! For them they are indeed perfect, but for human grown-ups other foods must be used in connection with them in order to secure the right proportion of the elements required by the body. A raw egg beaten up with a little milk will refresh, and will digest in the stomach of one over-fatigued as nothing else (unless it be hot, salted milk) will.

Eggs are not so concentrated a food as cheese and so, a lighter one, in a sense, though also nitrogenous and nourishing. Raw egg may be added to strong coffee (one-half cup) with hot milk or cream and a little sugar as a food of some body when taken with crackers or bread and butter. Poached or soft boiled eggs are the most quickly digested and this is sometimes a necessary consideration. To poach an egg it is best to have the water well salted as well as boiling. Some scientists, following the theory advanced by Thudichum, assert that a few drops of vinegar should be added to the water. If there is time to cook each egg separately the best results will be obtained by breaking the egg into a saucer, holding this in the left hand. With the right whisk the boiling salted water into a miniature whirlpool and into this slip the egg. The salt, or salt and vinegar hardens the albumen in such manner that there is no loss and the egg is prettier for being so cooked. The soft boiled egg is best cooked by being placed (fresh from cold temperature) in a double boiler and boiling water poured over it as well as having already the boiling water underneath it. Six minutes will cook this. If placed in a single vessel, as in an egg boiler for the table, longer will be required by perhaps three minutes.

BREAKFAST.

Poached Eggs on Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON NO. I.

Hot Cider Egg Nog. Bread and Butter.

LUNCHEON NO. II.

Chestnut Salad. Rye Bread and Butter.
Cup Custards.

DINNER.

Baked Eggs. Mashed Sweet Potato.
Stuffed Okra. Red Pepper and Cauliflower Salad.
Peaches and Grapes on Sponge Cake.
Coffee.

SUPPER.

Baked Squash. Bread and Butter.
Apple Sauce. Cup Cake.

Luncheon No. 1. Cider Egg Nog: Allow one egg to each person. Beat the egg well, add a tablespoon of milk, a litle sugar and then pour in the hot cider gradually, beating the while, until glass is full. Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top.

Luncheon No. 2. Chestnut Salad: After shelling a pint of large chestnuts pour boiling water over them and let stand for five minutes, then remove the brown, silky covering and boil till tender. While they are cooking make ready the dressing by placing in a bowl a generous pinch of salt, a dash of pepper and tablespoon each of minced onion and parsley. Add gradually a half tea cup of olive oil and when well mixed in the bowl add the juice of a lemon and four tablespoons of any of the spiced vinegars. The chestnuts may be left whole, halved, or cut in smaller pieces. In any case pour the dressing over them before they cool then let stand. When cold serve on cress or nasturtium.

For Cup Custards use recipe given in February *Nautilus*.

Dinner. Baked Eggs: Beat stiff the whites of as many eggs as necessary with a little salt to facilitate the frothing, and place each white, separately, on a thick plate, in baking dish or individual forms. Make nests of the whites, pouring carefully the yolks (individually) into the hollowed centers. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and bake in a quick oven just a minute or two, to set them. (Through the whites before baking, may be sprinkled minced onion, parsley, or other favorite for flavoring.)

Stuffed Okra: Cut off stem ends of good sized pods (not the largest, which may be the oldest and tough, possibly) and with a long, thin-bladed knife cut out the seeds. Have ready stale, rolled breadcrumbs (this is one of the opportunities for putting breakfast foods to their best uses, as substitute for crumbs), mixed well with pepper, salt, melted butter, a little tomato and onion. If eggs are not used for dinner grated cheese may be mixed generously with the crumbs. Bake with just enough water to prevent burning, in moderate oven.

The Way Out.

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were being cured by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had but little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful.

"I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts. I am the mistress of a happy home and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Pepper and Cauliflower Salad: Cut off tops and scoop out interior of large, bright, red peppers. Have ready cooked a cauliflower and break it up into the finest floweret-divisions. Cook a chopped carrot to mix with them then place in the pepper cups. Serve these on lettuce or heart-cabbage leaves and just before serving pour over each pepper a tablespoon of French dressing and dot the tops with fine cut carrots or capers.

Peaches and Grapes on Sponge Cake: Dip stale sponge cake in sherry and on each lay the half of a large peach (fresh or canned) and in the center of each half place a spoonful of halved, seeded grapes, or other fruit. Over each drop a spoonful of whipped cream.

Supper. Baked Squash: Wash and quarter a squash; remove seeds and cut squash into pieces about three inches square. Place in baking pan and cook until tender. This will require from an hour upward. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and serve with butter.

Our Live-Forever Friends.

THE EDITOR AND OTHERS.

Our editorial about old age and new thought, in September *Nautilus,* is bringing us some splendid letters from people who were well along in years before they found new thought. The first two letters are from women, written boldly and well, in handwriting that certainly suggests no decrepitude or discouragement. In both letters the writing slants slightly upward on the unruled paper, indicating courage and good health. And the handwriting in each case shows ideality as well as business ability, and a decided tendency to sentiment. The writers are well balanced, strong characters at seventy, whatever they were at seventeen, and their letters are most interesting.

H. M. H. is a Christian Scientist, who has read many other books and still reads *Nautilus,* though she has come to the conclusion that "the easiest and surest way, *if one can,* is to take 'Science and Health' and stick to it." The second writer, "Patience," is a real new thoughter, who has read many books and tried many things, still using them.

In September *Nautilus* the question is asked, "What could a person of seventy accomplish with the New Thought?" I began investigat-